

THE
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. VI.] FEBRUARY 1, 1834. [VOL. II.

LECTURES ON GENERAL LITERATURE, POETRY, &c. delivered at the Royal Institution, (London,) in 1830 and 1831. By James Montgomery, Author of "The World before the Flood," "The Pelican Island," &c. &c. 18 mo. pp. 324. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1833.

AMONG the miscellaneous notices in our last, we had an opportunity of calling public attention to the merits of this most beautiful work, but neither time nor space would allow us, in that stage of our duties, to be more than masters of the ceremonies, and introduce the illustrious stranger to our friends. This however would be doing great injustice both to the cause in general which he espouses, and to the merits in particular which he possesses. Yet even here, with an enlarged field, we may find it difficult to do justice to a work at once replete with erudition, with sentiment, and with good feeling. To quote from it would be next to impossible, without showing partiality at the expense of the parts omitted; and we could be almost tempted to say, that its very excellence renders it difficult, as the subject of a critical paper. All that we can do, is to follow up the observations of this excellent writer, and endeavor, after our own humble manner, to supply a few remarks which he has either overlooked, or has not deemed necessary to the more immediate purpose before him.

Much the greater part of these lectures is taken up in the discussion of poetry, its origin, its comparative dignity, force, scope, and effects; nevertheless a portion, and that a valuable one, is given to literature in general, the various kinds which obtained in different ages of the world, and under different shades of national polity; and its effects on the moral, political, and religious characters of mankind. Both parts, however, evince a man who is master of his art, and who speaks of it with the ardor of one deeply imbued with the love of letters.

Every person who proceeds from the fact immediately before him, up to its origin, — that is to say every reflecting person, — must be struck with the beautiful scheme of Divine Providence, by which many of those parts of the general design that are apparently the most imperfect at a superficial glance, are found to be the most fascinating, the most permanent, the most useful, nay sometimes even the most necessary, in the end. Of this there is perhaps no more powerful example than language and its modifications. It will be conceded, we think, by all, that whether speech was implanted as an original faculty of our first parent, or, as some think, was a

discovery of his own vocal powers, the infancy of it was nothing more than names given to external objects, and by degrees to internal feelings, accompanied with cries, intonations, and violent or at least strong gesticulation and muscular expression; that the original adjectives of language were words imitative in sound, and expressed by corresponding action of the various qualities or properties meant to be implied, and that only by slow degrees the remaining parts of speech were introduced, as population increased, and as ideas multiplied. This, it may be said, was imperfect enough, as an institution for the assistance of human affairs; — but it improved as rapidly as human affairs required, and took a form, under its earliest regulations, which has lasted for thousands of years, and is as imperishable as the world itself. We might go farther and say that it is eternal. *It assumed the form of poetry.* From the paucity of words, particularly of abstract terms, language would naturally and of sheer necessity acquire a highly figurative character; and this having once obtained, became the stamped and fixed original of settled speech. Poetry then, as Mr. Montgomery, in common with all who have duly considered the matter, asserts, is antecedent to prose, it is considered to take a wider range, to possess a higher rank, to be applicable to nobler purposes, and to require more elevated ideas than prose, and in short is the noblest intellectual faculty of human nature.

There is no doubt that language continued to be highly figurative for a long period after abstract terms were introduced into language. The abundance of images which formed the original groundwork of speech, it is evident, took deep root, since they have ever been found highly ornamental and illustrative even to the present day, and are so firmly incorporated among the principles of good taste, that the want of them is a deficiency for which it is hard to atone. Let the writings of Aristotle among philosophers, and of Polybius among historians, bear witness to the truth of this remark; — which, though abounding in important matter, have been found even by the most contemplative and patient, to be difficult to imbibe and hard to digest.

Metaphor, simile, and personification, were therefore the mother-tongue of mankind. The very deficiency of abstract terms was the main cause of what we now call the “poetical turn” of their ideas. It is true that an imaginative mind, even in those early days, might add to the imagery of their poetry; nevertheless their language was poetry of very necessity, except only as regarded the regular measure of their numbers; and Mr. Montgomery impressively shews us that this help to poetry was early introduced, not perhaps very accurately, but effectively; and together with this one principle two or three others, which are considered fundamental to poetry as an art, viz. antithesis, parallelism, and amplification. We give this very judicious passage.

Early Poetry. — THE most ancient specimen of oral literature on record we find in the oldest book, which is itself the most ancient specimen of *written* literature. This is the speech of Lamech to his two wives (in the fourth chapter of Geneses), which, though consisting of six hemistichs only, nevertheless exemplifies all the peculiarities of Hebrew verse — *parallelism*, *amplification*, and *antithesis*. The passage is exceedingly obscure, and I shall not attempt to interpret it: the mere collocation of words, as they stand in the authorized English Bible, will answer our purpose: —

“Adah and Zillah! hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech! hearken unto my speech.”

This is a parallelism, the meaning of both lines being synonymous, though the phraseology is varied, and the two limbs of each correspond to those of the other:—

“Adah and Zillah! | hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, | hearken unto my speech,
“For I have slain a man to my wounding,
And a young man to my hurt.”

Here is amplification: concerning the man slain, in the first clause, we have the additional information, in the second, that he was a “young man.”

“If Cain shall be avenged seven fold,
Truly Lamech seventy and seven fold.”

The antithesis in this couplet consists, not in contrariety, but in aggravation of the opposing terms—seven fold contrasted with seventy and seven fold. The context of this passage has a peculiar interest at this time, when the proscription of everlasting ignorance is taken off from the multitude, and knowledge is become as much the birthright of the people of Britain as liberty. This Lamech, who, if not the inventor of poesy, was one of the earliest of poets, had three sons; of whom Jabal, the father of such as dwelt in tents, followed agriculture; Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ, cultivated music; while Tubal-Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, practised handicraft. Thus, in the seventh generation of man, in one family we find poetry, music, agriculture, and the mechanical arts. Hence, literature, which is connected with the two first, is not inconsistent with the pursuits of the two latter.

Here we find that our author, with that laudable partiality for the elegant art, which he at once vindicates and adorns, proves it to be the most ancient as well as most honorable that have ever exercised the human faculties, and even shews its compatibility with others, with which it is generally not considered to be connected.

Early eloquence was very poetical and highly figurative; there is also reason to believe that it was uttered in a sort of melody or *recitative*, the inflections of the voice being adapted to the complaining, the remonstrant, the encouraging, the extatic, or other tone that assimilated most nearly to the nature of the passion which the speaker wished to express. This may be called natural music, and was probably the origin of musical harmony, properly so called, as language was the origin of grammar. Both were natural feelings and modes of expression, and each was gradually brought to rule and method; and this perhaps proves the remark of Dr. Blair to be correct when he says that “poetry was antecedent to prose,” to which may be added that musical inflection was antecedent to plain delivery. In connexion with these remarks we may add that the most reasonable explanation of the fabulous wonders performed by Amphion, Orpheus, and Linus, will be found in the conclusion that the lawgivers propounded their laws and regulations, orally of course—in measured numbers and musical tones, winning over their savage hearers to that salutary subjection which converted them to civilized beings. If, to these songs, we give the assistance of some rude instrument of sound, by way of accompaniment and relief to the voice, the stories of the fascinations of these men are accounted for.

It has been observed that language long continued to be figurative. This was occasioned not only from the reasons which have already been adduced, but also from the intercourse from time to time between those who were advanced in the theory of language, and other nations or societies not arrived at the same degree of civilization, and not possessing so

copious a vocabulary. So the mode of speech *which had its origin in necessity*, at length came to be cultivated as the most ornamental.

Of all the nations that have been conversant with letters, the most imaginative and elevated in their language are the Jews and the Orientals,—and this from very different causes. The Orientals, living amidst all the luxuriance of the natural world, could not open their eyes without having their view met by something that was glorious and beautiful;—the splendor of the scenery, the riches of the soil, the majesty of the forests, the beauty of the flowers, the salubrity of the air, the licence and luxury of the habits, all were exciting causes to the poetic turn of the thoughts, and the gorgeous form of expression harmonized with the love of pomp and parade, which is peculiar to the people of those regions.

The Jews, however, had not all these accessorial advantages. Palestine, it is true, was not that barren wilderness in the time of the patriarchs and of the Israelites, and in days of their monarchs, as it has since become. The withering influence of the Ottomite rule had not yet blasted the fair fields of the land “flowing with milk and honey.” It was as yet “the glory of all lands” both from its productions and from the heavenly guidance in which it was placed; but it was far from being able to vie with “the farther east” in all the beauties which the poet loves;—nevertheless, none either of ancient or of modern times, have pretended to equal the beauty, the sublimity, the pathos, the feeling, of the Jewish writers. And why is this?—We could at once, shortly, and to ourselves at least, satisfactorily account for it, by pointing at *inspiration* as the cause why the holy penmen in the Old Testament have so far transcended all others. But this would not suffice for the *national character* of their writings, however conclusive it may be for the holy prophets themselves. Moreover it would not be agreeable to the precept of Sir Isaac Newton, which we would humbly attempt to follow upon the occasion,—never to have recourse to *miracle* for argument, if we can find sufficient in natural causes.

It was the nature of their worship which gave the Hebrews so great an advantage over their pagan or infidel competitors. For how can the soul rise to any elevation so high as by the contemplation of the Almighty Being and his attributes? What notions could the debased and benighted heathen form of sublimity, under the debased ideas he entertained of his divinity, or rather divinities, for their name was “legion,” to be put in comparison with the holy and devotional feelings of the worshippers of the “one true God?” Such then was the case. The Jews being a select and *separated* people, keeping up but little and precarious personal connexion with the surrounding nations, and retaining a worship to which all other was but an abomination, their religion as well as their habits, produced emotions of a more lofty and sublime order than it was *possible* for others to feel. Their God was also their king, their guide, their director. Every action of their lives had reference to his laws, and their very amusements were of a religious order. Hence the idea of the Divinity entered into every other,—they were literally filled with it, and as it was unmixed with anything grovelling or debasing in its attributes, the language was correspondent to the ideas. Thus we find throughout the writings of the prophets, from Moses to Malachi, a tone and imagery highly poetical. The book of Job, which is thought to be a book of high antiquity, is full of splendid

ideas, and is not equalled perhaps by any other one except that of Isaiah, which last we may safely affirm to be the perfection of sublime writing. The Psalms, also, which, though they soar not so high, are beautifully pathetic, are another proof of what a religious fervor can effect when the torch is lighted at a pure and holy flame. Besides the possession of these qualities in themselves, it may also be observed, that these writings communicate them to those who study their contents. We may be pardoned here for producing in proof of this, an extract from the works of one who read them in singleness of heart, who loved them for the spirit in which they were written and for the comfort they conveyed, and who has dwelt upon them in a style calculated to make all mankind love them also. Dr. Horne, the late excellent Bishop of Norwich, nearly at the conclusion of his beautiful commentary on the Psalms, says as follows. — "Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations; *grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed to all situations.* The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands and lose their fragrantcy; — but these unfading plants of Paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened, fresh odors are emitted, and new sweets are extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellences will desire to taste them yet again, and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best." What does this beautiful remark require except measure, to make it most exquisite poetry, — and what but the most ardent admiration of its subject, and love of the Great Being who called it forth, could have dictated such a sentiment?

Thus we see that from diametrically opposite causes the same poetic spirit was derived; differing only in intensity and sublimity, from the nature of the causes which gave rise to it. But there was a third, differing from either, and producing results distinct from both, inasmuch as it never rivalled the poetry of the Hebrews in sublimity or pathos, nor did it clash with that of the Orientals in gorgeousness of sentiment; but in polish, in rhythm, in general beauty, and in variety, it far exceeded either — considered merely in a literary point of view. We allude to the poetry of the Greeks, the fame of which was spread abroad over the whole civilized world, whilst the Hebrew writings remained confined within the precincts of Palestine, or at farthest extended only to the library of Alexandria through the labors of the *Seventy*; and the poetry of the Persians and Hindoos was utterly unknown out of their own caste in society. Liberty was the *alma mater* of this school. It is true that the fields of Greece were fertile, her climate was salubrious, her landscape was charming, and sometimes sublime, but she could not in the multiplicity of her deities, depraved in attribute as many of them were, elevate the souls of her sons into the "heaven of heavens," and make them draw "empyrean air" like those of the "children of the promise;" — she could not deck her landscape, and paint the voluptuous scenes of her eastern rivals; — but liberty inspired her, — she was free, and her bards sung, her orators flourished, her philosophers taught, without the dread of any censure except that of

criticism. Liberty was her watchword, and the *amor patriæ* her warmest feeling.

That watchword was lost, that generous and noble feeling expired, but not until the genius of poetry had implanted deeply in the moral soil of Greece the love of song, and the qualification to judge of it. All the circumstances both of her character and localities, tended to keep alive her moral energies, even when her political importance was annihilated. She continued to be the nurse of arts, and the home of eloquence, when her conquerors themselves had succumbed to barbarians; and it was not until she herself fell into the hands of superlative barbarism, that the voices of song and persuasion ceased to be heard in Greece.

Let us here be pardoned if we linger a little on a theme on which every literary soul loves to dwell, though the subject is not entirely relevant to the matter in hand; — the fascinations are great, and notwithstanding that there are gloomy points in the canvass, the picture has altogether lights that redeem it from its otherwise sombre hue.

Did the sun of Greece set for ever? When the sons of Othman possessed themselves of the Eastern empire in Europe, — when the troops of the infidel marched through the scenes of ancient learning, — when brutal and exulting barbarians demolished the relics of classic architecture, trampled in lawless insolence on the pride of wisdom, and profaned the graves of Academus, and the haunts of the Stagyræ, — when the descendants of the high-minded children of freedom were degraded *below* the level of the brutes, and were made to hold life itself, and every social feeling, at the mercy of a haughty and ignorant master, — when even their *minds* had become debauched and debased, by the long, heavy, and constant pressure under which they labored, — was it possible that a spark of former grandeur, a scintillation of former feelings, should remain to be once again emitted from a Grecian spirit? — There was! — The heart of every son of freedom will give an exulting response to the sound, — There was. The iron of slavery entered many a noble soul, which festered, — till the mental agony could no longer be sustained. Then rose the cry for FREEDOM! — A cry which struck dismay through the utmost bounds of the turbaned despot's dominion, but which found thousands of responsive hearts that could not be deadened by despair. They struggled; — with poverty, contempt, and even division in their ranks they struggled, — against long-established, and fiercely-wielded power, riches, insolence, and hatred. The remembrance of the acts of their fathers added strength to their arms, and vigor to their resolutions. Could they remember Marathon, Plataea, Thermopylae, — could they recal to mind the strength and resources of the Persian empire, which were nevertheless incompetent to enslave free Greece, — and not feel their arms fresh nerved against a race, as degenerate and voluptuous as those who had so arrogantly and so vainly assailed their glorious ancestors? — No, the sun of Greece *did not* set for ever. Again she has arisen, — not in her pristine splendor it is true; the moral storms with which her atmosphere has for ages been charged, have left many a dense and dark cloud to obscure the face of Grecian light. But, degraded as are her people, their moral energies are not altogether lost. They are no longer slaves; — their country is no longer a blot on the map of the world. They form an integral part of its nations. And what a

vista is seen through this opening ! The banner of Freedom which a brave people triumphantly raised in *the West*, is now seen throughout all the ancient countries of the world. All Europe is in arms to emulate her glorious example. "Liberty, — rational liberty," is the universal cry. "Rich and poor there must be, but give us equal laws, rights, and securities." The progress of education, also, is as the glance of the wild-fire, and where it strikes it fixes. The world is fast assuming a vast blaze of intellectual light, and, shall not *Greece* be free, — the source of so many glorious and patriotic feelings ? Who shall again enslave her ? — *She is free !*

But we have too long neglected Mr. Montgomery, and the direct subject of our paper.

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling"

sees objects which to ordinary minds are utterly imperceptible. Of this our author gives us a bright example ; which, whilst it illustrates the writings of a great contemporary, shews his own discrimination and taste, and proves as well as ten thousand examples could do, the entire capacity for the office he undertook, which gave rise to the book before us. The passage needs not an apology ; we are assured that its beauty will render it acceptable, and should be glad to find it produce a desire for more, though we cannot ourselves afford to supply it.

"The following stanzas from probably a hasty, but certainly a happy, effusion of Thomas Campbell's, in the dew and blossom of his youthful poetry, will exemplify this fact. They refer to a morning walk in company with a Russian lady, to a place called "the Fountain of the Thorn," on an eminence near Vienna, commanding a view of the city, the Danube, and the neighboring country to a vast extent : —

Ah ! how long shall I delight
In the memory of that morn
When we climb'd the Danube's height
To the Fountain of the Thorn !

And beheld his waves and islands
Flashing, glittering in the sun,
From Vienna's gorgeous towers
To the mountains of the Hun.

There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around ;
And, where'er we turn'd, the eye
Look'd on rich historic ground.

Over Aspern's field of glory
Noontide's distant haze was cast,
And the hills of Turkish story
Teem'd with visions of the past.

What could a painter do with this ? Assuredly he might produce a landscape as superb as ever emanated, in colors of this world, from the pencils of Titian or Rubens. All the elements are at hand. A bird's-eye prospect from a height overlooking a majestic river, studded with islands, "flashing, glittering in the sun ;" the "gorgeous towers" of an imperial city ; the verdure of woods on every side ; over all a brilliant sky ; and far away, beneath the haze of summer-noon, long lines of undulated hills, lessening, lightening, vanishing from the view. The canvass might be covered with all these ; yet, though they might dazzle the eye, and enchant the imagination, like a glimpse into fairy-land, — unexplained, they would be mere abstractions, and the picture would be valued solely as a work of art ; but let a label be attached with the word *Vienna* upon it, then, indeed, a new and nobler

interest would be felt in the whole, and curiosity to find out every part when we knew that a real city, stream, and landscape were depicted. This, however, would be the extent to which the painter could transport the eye and the mind of his admirer.

Here, then, begins the triumph of poetry, which, while it can adorn, more or less perfectly, all the subjects of painting drawn from visible nature, has the whole invisible world to itself, — thoughts, feelings, imaginations, affections, all that memory can preserve of things past, and all that prescience can conceive or forbode of things to come. These it can express minutely or comprehensively, in mass or in detail, foreshortened or progressive, line by line, shade by shade, till it completely possesses the reader, and puts him as completely in possession of all that is most nearly or remotely associated with the theme in discussion. In the instance before us, the poet does this with the fewest possible phrases; and yet with such brilliance and force of allusion that the reader has only to follow, in any direction, the retrospective avenues opened on every hand.

After shedding the glory of sunshine on the "waves and islands" of the river, the green luxuriance of the champaign, and the "gorgeous towers" of the metropolis, — in three words he lets in the daylight of past ages upon the scene. His "rich historic ground" calls up the actions and actors of the mightiest events ever exhibited on that theatre; the mountains of the Hun, the field of Aspern, the hills of Turkish story, are crowded with armies, flouted with banners, and shaken with the tramp of chivalry and the march of phalanxed legions. They "all teem with visions of the past." Those who are acquainted with the circumstances of the siege of Vienna by the Turks, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and its deliverance by Sobieski, king of Poland, will at once realize the Ottoman battle-array under the beleaguered walls; the despair within the city, where all hope but in Heaven was cut off, and the churches were thronged with praying multitudes; the sudden appearance of the Poles, and their attack upon the infidels: the rage of conflict, man to man, horse to horse, swords against scimitars, and scimitars against swords, one moment "flashing, glittering in the sun," the next crimsoned and reeking with blood; the shouts, the groans, the agonies, the transports of the strife; till the barbarians, borne down by the irresistible impetuosity of their Christian assailants, fell heaps upon heaps on "the field of glory," or fled "to the mountains of the Hun," while Danube from "the Fountain of the Thorn," rolled purple to the deep, bearing along with its overcharged current the turbaned corpses of the invaders back into the bowels of their own land. That disastrous siege and triumphant rescue were celebrated by a contemporary poet (*Filicaja*) in three of the sublimest odes which Italy can boast; and which (with the exception of the *Hohenlinden* and the *Battle of the Baltic*, by our accomplished countryman whose stanzas I have been discussing) stand unrivalled by any war-songs with which I am acquainted, whether among the few fragments of antiquity, or in the whole armory of later ages."

Willingly would we devote a large portion of our space to this beautiful writer, — particularly as in the latter part of his works he has ably treated literature in general, pretty much after the plan adopted by Schlegel in his lectures on that of the drama. But we have been led away by our feelings, where Poetry and Greece are brought to mind, and have need to beg the indulgence of our readers. The lectures on literature are, however, too valuable to be passed over in silence, and we purpose at some other opportunity to consider them attentively and in detail. For the present we must bid his book farewell, with our strongest recommendations.

SPECIMENS OF THE ITALIAN TRAGEDIANS.

GIOVANNI BATISTA NICCOLINI,

ONE of the most faithful and most successful among the followers of Alfieri, is Niccolini, a Florentine by birth. Although less fortunate than Monti, in emulating the great master in the delineation of passion in its most appalling sublimity, he has succeeded in doing what neither had accomplished; in imparting to his pieces a locality and effect which at once stamps their originality, and renders more perfect the charm of illusion to the reader. Each of his tragedies is imbued with the very spirit of the times in which the scene is laid; we are transported into something more than common interest; the griefs or passions of the characters are made exclusively our own. We forget for a time that the scenes are not passing before our eyes, and that we are perusing the records of events so remote, as to be almost beyond the pale, if not of our belief, at least of our sympathies. The language, too, though not partaking of that stern grandeur and laconic brevity, which distinguish the productions of Alfieri, has a dignity and elevation peculiar to itself: and although he has strictly confined himself to the limits of the unities, and the naked simplicity of plot, which former writers had observed, he has even less frequently than Manzoni been compelled to resort to declamation, to supply the deficiency of incident in his design. His *Polyxena* obtained the prize from the Academy Della Crusca, in 1810. This play was written while the author was yet very young, and its publication excited throughout Italy great expectations of his future eminence as a dramatist. It is founded upon a passage of Grecian history; the scene is laid amid the burning ruins of Troy; and well has the poet transferred to his pages the antique magnificence of that classic period. He has succeeded in portraying the true Grecian spirit in his characters; in bestowing, as it were, life upon splendid statues, on which we have all been accustomed to look with admiration and wonder; and though startled at his boldness, when we behold the new grace and beauty with which he has invested those harmonious but frigid proportions, we cease to regret the sculptured repose in which this modern Prometheus had found them. The crafty and designing Ulysses is admirably drawn; and the remorse of Agamemnon for the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Act III. Sc. 1st, is most spiritedly and affectingly depicted. The story is briefly this: To avenge the death of Achilles, and secure to the Greeks a safe return to their native shores, the oracles had commanded the sacrifice of one of the daughters of Hecuba, by the hand of one dearest to her! Polyxena is beloved by Pyrrhus; and after various struggles, which are powerfully described, between religious feeling and love, when he had resolved to sacrifice himself and his countrymen, rather than obey the fatal decree; the oracle is accidentally fulfilled; for as Pyrrhus, in a transport of despair, springs upon Calchas with his naked sword, Polyxena, rushing between, receives the wound intended for another: and the angry shade of Achilles is

appeased. The material here employed is, we confess, meagre and limited enough; the plot turning upon the commonplace passion of love, with the oft-told tale of a human sacrifice; yet from such material has Niccolini constructed a work which will stand as a monument of his fame, in other nations, as well as in his own. Among many passages of great beauty, we offer the following description of the apparition of Achilles, related by Calchas to Agamemnon, Act IV—Scene 2d.

Calchas. The daring Pyrrhus with his Myrmidons,
 Boldly defied the power of Greece and Heaven,
 Before Achilles' tomb. — Each bow was bent,
 Brandished each lance. Some secret, unknown power
 Guided my steps that way; a God, most surely,
 Filled this weak frame, which then seemed more than mortal.
 I rushed among the troops, — encountered Pyrrhus,
 And cried, — "Are these the victims, consecrate
 "To the paternal shade? — Achilles, — rise!
 "Rise from thy dust! The sacrilegious deeds
 "Behold, of him who dares to call thee sire,
 "And blush for such alone!" — From the still marble
 A low, deep groan was heard; in every hand,
 Tremulous, its weapon shook; terror united
 The opposing hosts. — The soil beneath us quaked,
 Thunder convulsed the sky, and angry waves
 Foamed wilder fury at Achilles' presence.
 A frowning shade, he stood upon the tomb. —
 The golden armor glittering on his limbs
 Rivalled the noonday glare; and in his eyes
 The haughty flame of ancient valor burned.
 He turned them on the recreant son of Atreus;
 Glancing deep wrath: — "Thou," — he to Pyrrhus cried,
 "Ungrateful offspring! Vainly dost deny
 "Honor to me! — the victim I discern, —
 "The promised steel; thy Polyxena knows
 "The priest, the blood." He said, — and crimson light
 Gleamed from his arms; vaster and loftier still,
 Heavenward the vision towered; around his head
 Fierce, lightnings played; — and wrapt in clouds it vanished.

In another tragedy, entitled *Œdipus*, the same correctness of classic coloring is still more remarkable; the spirit of Grecian mythology breathes in every line. The scene is laid in a wood sacred to the Furies; every object around partakes of the wildness and gloom of a place thus devoted; the mysterious sublimity of the scene is imparted to the language; and the solemn chant of the priests of those awful rites, with the deep and appalling nature of the events there transacted and described, convey to the mind of the reader an impression of startling reality. The mournful lament of the blind and wretched old man, in the third act, where he charges upon the Gods his crimes and his misfortunes, is pathetic in spite of the terror it inspires; while in his affection for his daughter Antigone, and his lamentations over her supposed loss, a still more resistless appeal is made to our feelings. We acknowledge that in this tragedy, Niccolini has approached the utmost verge of human sympathy; yet he has carefully avoided losing sight of it. He has exhibited to our distant view a spectacle from which we recoil; but has so blended and relieved the tints of his foreground, if we may so speak, with softer and more grateful colors, that we contemplate the picture, as a whole, without those painful sensations it would otherwise awaken. He has succeeded; but the example is

a dangerous one to imitate; misery *may* be so utter and hopeless as to exclude even compassion, when its exhibition becomes a source of unmingled pain. Let the tragic poet exercise his art upon subjects not thus removed from the interest of mankind; as any attempt to overstep the bounds of nature, will assuredly be met by resistance or rebellion from that outraged power in the bosoms of his readers.

Antonio Foscarini, the piece which we have selected for the extraction of our "specimens," is founded on an incident in the history of Venice, 1662, of which Sir Henry Wotton observes, "that in three hundred and twelve years that the Decemviral Tribunal hath stood, there was never cast upon it a greater blemish." Degraded as was this arbitrary republic, at this period, from her ancient glory, corrupted by state intrigue, and stained by crime, she was still the object of admiration as well as dread. The memory of her vanished charms claims the former even now; and any passage in her history possesses for us, and for every reader, an intense and absorbing interest. Who is there, to whose kindling fancy Venice has not ever been as "a fairy city of the heart?" to whom have not "the winged Lion's marble piles" been towers of enchantment, holding, with their pageant of departed sovereigns and heroes, the homage of our own spirits? Who has not thrilled over the recital of her victories, and shuddered at the dark catalogue of her crimes? The "days of blind old Dandolo,"—when five hundred sail swept the Adriatic,—when sprinkled with rich pavilions,—gay streamers blazoned with the cross displayed on the turret-crowned decks,—and glittering shields suspended along their sides, the gallant ships bore on their way the destined conquerors of Constantinople,—are still fresh in our recollection. And, though in the words of the most accomplished poet of our own land,

"Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
Of young romance;
There linger but her ruins gray,
And broken lance,"—

it is to these we turn for examples of courage and glory.——But it is time to return to the tragedy, from the perusal of which we shall arise with far different feelings. The piece opens in the Hall of council, where the Doge and Senators deliberate upon the state and prospects of the republic. The period was not long after the conspiracy of Bedemar, &c. on which Otway has founded his tragedy of "Venice Preserved;" a conspiracy which, it will be recollected, was ascribed principally to Spanish influence. In one of the speeches of the Doge, occurs the expression, "Rome of the ocean," which Byron has introduced into his "Two Foscari," and the first use of which he accords to Lady Morgan. Loredano, in whom the author has chosen to embody every thing that is repulsive and inhuman in state poiley, then addresses the Senate.

Loredano. Not by the force of hostile powers without,
A state will fall, if in herself she bear not,
As in the human frame, those hidden seeds
That ripen for destruction. Ours the charge
To seek and root them out; and well the "Ten"
Know with what firmness we must now sustain

The sinking State. In this effeminate age,
 Nor remedies, nor evils will be borne;
 And we are branded with the name of tyrants,
 By every worthless flatterer of the people,
 Who boasts himself a statesman, and would here
 Let crime pass scatheless, — justice sleep disarmed.
 Not thus our ancestors. The sacred yoke
 Of equal laws, inflexible and just,
 They bore un murmuring, — and the citizen
 Learned here the lesson to all Italy,
 Beside, unknown! — To govern, and obey.
 On such a policy shone days of glory.
 Easy for us the task to put to flight
 The fleets of France; to humble Frederick's pride,
 In a single conflict; and upon the towers
 Raised by Italia's direst foe, to plant
 The standard, the winged Lion of St. Mark.
 Asia, too, trembled for her kingdoms' safety,
 Though Europe intervened; and 'gainst all Europe,
 Leagued for our injury, alone and armed,
 Stood forth the genius of Venetian power.
 But times are changed. Now crime unblushing claims
 Impunity. The judge, and not the guilty,
 Is hated now; the authority of years
 Mocked and despised, — and what was once esteemed
 Wisdom and truth, is now contemned as folly.

After further debate, it is enacted that any patrician seen under cover of night, in the palace of a foreign ambassador, or discovered in intercourse with him, shall be punished with death. The senators then retire; and Antonio Foscari, who has just returned to Venice after a long absence in foreign wars, is introduced. A fine dialogue ensues between the father and son, on the state of public affairs, which, however, contributes nothing to the advancement of the action. Antonio speaks of Loredano. —

Ant. I know him well!
 That savage clad in senatorial robes;
 Whose eyes delight in blood, whose haughty lips
 No smiles e'er pass, save those of bitter scorn.
 Abstracted, pale, with step now slow, now quickened,
 He seems to meditate some unheard crime,
 Or shun anon the pangs of keen remorse.
 Where mirthful voices in the streets are heard,
 If he appear, — in terror steals away
 Each startled reveller, and all around
 Is silent as the grave. *Act 1. Sc. 4.*

Antonio learns from the Doge the marriage of Theresa his early love to Contarini, which had just been solemnized, and the discovery plunges him into the deepest despair. A scene in the second Act, between Loredano and Contarini, who are members of the council of Three, discovers the hatred and jealousy of the one, and the cold and calculating policy of the other. Contarini is burning with resentment towards Antonio, on account of his suspicions of the fidelity of Theresa.

Lored. It becomes us to feign slumber here;
 But to unloose a thousand eyes and ears:
 To treasure up each doubtful sign and word;
 To write down sighs. Where vice displays his pomp,
 'There, present still, our care should watch: each pleasure
 Has its unguarded hour, when we may look
 Into the bosom's depths; and one fleet moment

May there reveal the secrets of long years.
Thoughts, thus surprised, may readily be captured.
Ours is a lofty power. * * *

Cont. Venetian wisdom
Has veiled in darkness our official seat.
Terror may mutely dream, but dares not ask,
Among the dreaded Ten, who may be chosen
To such high trust. The guilty finds himself
At once, before his unknown judge. We, thus,
Are like the Gods, invisible and present.

* * * If the pale slave
Whisper of us, he bends his brow to earth,
And lifts, in awe, his tremulous hand towards heaven,
Muttering — "Those above!" Could terror more
Exalt us? The weak multitude esteem
Each god a tyrant, and all tyrants gods.
— Remember

How much I hate —
Lored. We both have power and hatred
Common between us; but thou, doubly blest,
Canst hope the blood of *thine* illustrious foe.
But — of a Doge! — the steel, by which of old,
Proud Faliero fell! — With silent joy,
I've marked it hang amid the Senate's arms;
Yet 'twere a dangerous deed, in this soft age,
To bare it; — hate is vanquished now by wisdom,
Therefore, a single victim shall suffice
For me and you; although I well remember
The day, on which Antonio's haughty sire
Hurled in my face those bitter words, which gladdened
My envious foes, and, like a barbed arrow,
Have rankled in my heart.

Contarini. How shall I compass
My enemy's harm?

Loredano. Where yon cold marble yawns
For secret accusations, 'twas but now
I found this paper.

Contarini. [*reads*] "Antonio Foscarini
"Is the State's foe; his daring would abolish
"The just power of the Three, — the pomp of Venice."
What must we do? —

— Thou fearest him not?

Loredano. The Inquisitor of State,
Where he fears, punishes.

Contarini. Yet, Loredano,
Is no more done to accomplish his destruction?

Loredano. I wrote his name, among the citizens
Who are suspected, in that fatal volume,
Whence blood, alone, can cancel it.

* * *
The son's offences, thou with death wouldst punish,
And I, the sire's, with life; that life, whose hours
Are long — by misery numbered. *Act II. Sc. 3.*

The next scene is on the balcony of the palazzo Contarini, which overlooks the sea. Theresa appears, attended by her confidant Matilda; and we imagine, at once, the softness of an Italian twilight, with the peaceful silence alone broken by the distant rippling of waters, and blended songs of gondoliers.

Theresa. How sweet
This hour of silence, to the troubled heart!
Even sorrow has its joys. — Listen! I heard
A mournful sound — a murmur indistinct,
Half lost in distance. —

Matilda. Waves on yonder shore,
Broken by winds, seem to distil bright tears;
The Lagune yet is clear, and lies serene,
A mirror for those marble palaces.

Theresa. Yet happy he who calls not Venice, country!

Matilda. With his beloved companion, whom his care
Still cheers on the opposing shore, the boatman
In turn, now trills his song.

Theresa. He scarce has left her,
And swiftly, on the wings of love, returns.

Matilda. They sing, Erminia.

Theresa. An unhappy lover.
But this — it is the tone of grief; — the song
Becomes a moan, and dies upon the wave!

Matilda. Look — Look! yon small, dark boat, approaching,
Its prow turned towards the shore; he, who sits there,
Scarce with his oar awakes the sleeping waters!
A strange, wild melody, floats upon the sea.
Perhaps, some nightly lover thus reveals
His secret anguish to his idol's ear;
Perhaps, betrayed —

Theresa. Alas! what sayest thou?

Matilda. Listen —

The voice of Antonio is heard below, chanting a melancholy air, in reproach for the perfidy of his mistress. With every strain of his song, the agitation of Theresa increases; and, at length, betrays to her attendant her unhappy love. Matilda prevails upon her to admit Antonio to an interview, that she may warn him of his danger, from the hatred of Contarini; a warning, which she is assured will be effective only from her lips. The interview, to which she consents, takes place in a garden contiguous to the palace; where Theresa informs her lover of the artifices used by her father to compel her to a union with the proud senator; the solemn appeals to her filial feeling, and the reluctant consent forced from her, by the belief that such a sacrifice could alone save her father from imprisonment and death. Antonio rails, in despair, against the senate and his country.

Antonio. To what has not arisen
This monstrous power! Oh, well, indeed, hadst thou
Thy cradle 'midst the clay of thy Lagunes,
Base city — who hast borne it! — In that day,
Great God of justice! why yawned not the earth,
Beneath that nerce tribunal? Flames of heaven!
Why did not ye consume the sceptred murderers,
And let their memory perish? No! yet lives
The infamy of their name; and may it stand
A monument of lasting wrath and shame!

They are suddenly interrupted by Matilda, who informs them of the approach of Contarini. No path of escape is open, except through the palace of the Spanish ambassador, where detection would be certain death: yet Antonio, in spite of the entreaties of Theresa, choosing death rather than to place her honor in suspicion, retires within the palace. Contarini arrives; the report of a pistol is heard within the forbidden walls; Theresa swoons — and all is discovered.

Act Fourth discovers a scene in the Inquisitorial prison, between Antonio and Beltramo, his gaoler.

Antonio. Suffer that this blood
May course in freedom.

Beltramo. I should then be forced
To wear thy chains.

Antonio. Forgive me, I forgot
That pity here was death; Heaven! thou dost sigh!
The "Three" have erred.

Beltramo. In Badoero's house,
In peace, I grew from childhood; 'twas he chose me
To this hard office.

Antonio. Now, that hence removed,
Is the dark veil which weighed upon my brow,
And life returns with sorrow, say, by what
Unheard of arts was I conducted here?

Beltramo. My lord—you crossed the bridge, called "Bridge of Sighs,"
Which leads the guilty to the council chamber
Of the dread "Three." Thou knowest that it adjoins
The Ducal palace—

Antonio. Yes! the father's palace!
A prison for the son!—a stern partition
Divides me from him! Scarce, with doubtful effort,
My soul had shaken off its deadly stupor,
When, in this place of fear, my eyes I opened,
But tell me, is this darkness that surrounds me,
By tyranny created?

Beltramo. My lord, the night
Has finished half her course.

Antonio. Alas! this hour
My father will expect me!

The prisoner is examined before the council of Three, but steadily refuses to reveal the nature of his business, in the Spanish palace. One word might avert his doom; but reproaches and threats are equally unable to compel him to save his own life at the cost of Theresa's fame.

Antonio. Ye may tear
Emulous, these wretched limbs; your power can ne'er
Reach to the soul; unless your hatred dare
To chronicle as words, the groans, which tremble
Upon the blood-stained lip, here, I repeat it,
I will be silent!

Badoero. To a gentle judge
Give gentle answer. By thy noble country,
The honor of thine ancestors, all great,
In arms and council.—By these walls, defended
With blood of thine illustrious sire—I pray thee,
Spare thine own fame! Reveal—

Antonio. Within my heart
Thy prayer is heard:—thou shalt have worthy answer.
Lo! on the traitor's breast, the vestiges
Of foreign wars! Here pierced the Spaniards's blade!
Do I not love my country? *Act. IV. Sc. 5.*

Badoero, the only one of the Three who is depicted as possessing the slightest shade of human feeling, not acceding to the cruel councils of his colleagues, the Doge is summoned, and left alone with his son. But the entreaties of parental affection, are ineffectual to force the secret from the noble youth. When charged by the Doge with disobedience towards his country's laws, he replies:

Antonio. I strove to abolish
That infamy of Europe; and a voice,
A free voice, from my lips, at length was heard,
Amid the silence of a coward age.
Italia saw her tyrant lords grow pale,

And the slave blush. — But when the worst cause vanquished,
 'Twas sweet to me, to wander on the summits
 Of far Helvetia's Alps, amidst their snows,
 Amid the awful majesty of nature,
 Stern, unsubdued, — to breathe the air of freedom,
 An ancient exile from the breezes bland
 Of Adria's shores, on which the sun sheds joy,
 And tyranny, sorrow. There, the silent terror,
 That sways Venetian spirits, I forgot;
 The unknown perils, too, that secretly
 Lurked in that cruel city. In my prison,
 I saw those mountains, — and a sweeter image! —

His final examination takes place in the fifth Act; and he is condemned, by the sentence of his judges, to die at the striking of the bell. A few moments before the time appointed for execution, a tumult is heard without; and the messenger announces a female, veiled, who craves to see the Doge. It is Theresa; who comes to reveal the truth, and to vindicate the unhappy Antonio from all suspicion of guilt. The fatal hour sounds; — Badoero hastens to arrest the execution, but is withheld by Contarini; a dark curtain rises at the back of the scene, and discovers the dead body of Antonio suspended in an adjoining apartment; a victim to private resentment. Contarini points his steel against the breast of his wife; but is disarmed by Badoero; while the wretched Theresa herself snatches the dagger, and plunges it into her breast. All stand horror-struck at this tragic termination; and Badoero first proposes "to trample on those bloody ensigns of guilty power; lest the victims, now united, should find an echo in the justice of future ages."

With the preceding notice of the tragedies of Niccolini, we close the series of Specimens, recently offered to the public. Many well known and illustrious names we must pass by; and many works, richly meriting attention and remark; the *Zedekiah* of Granelli, a tragedy founded upon Scripture history, — the *Giscala* of Narano, a writer who was among the first to restore to dramatic poetry, its decaying energy, — the *Arminio* of Ippolito Pindemonte, and the *Barcannali* of Giovanni Pindemonte, — we must be content to recommend to the examination of our readers: together with the productions of Della Valle, and Ugo Foscolo, names which rank with those of Monti, and Manzoni; and, not least of all, SILVIO PELLICO, whose name is doubly endeared to us, by his genius, and by his sufferings in the cause of freedom, and political union.

E. F. E.

From the Niobe — a lost Drama of Æschylus.

MY SOUL, that soared of late above the sphere,
 Stooped earthward! — "Know" — she thundered in mine ear —
 "That mortal things thou mayest not all revere."

H.

THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

PART II.

But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth. *Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. 3.*

THE morning of that fatal day had arrived, the horror and atrocity of which may never be forgotten or forgiven, until the records of humanity itself shall pass away. That day, which, intended as it was by the infernal policy of France to strike a death blow to the reformed religion throughout the world, did more to unite, to strengthen, and finally to establish the ascendancy of that religion, than could have been effected by the arms of its champions, or the arguments of its professors, in centuries of unopposed prosperity; as though the fiend who suggested the counsel, had deserted his pupils in very derision of their blind iniquity. Nor in truth was the hallucination of the confiding *Huguenots* less unaccountable, than the unearthly wickedness of their opponents. It would seem that their eyes had been so completely sealed up, and their suspicions so obliterated by the marriage of the youthful monarch of Navarre with the sister of the faithless Charles, that no proof, however flagrant, of the meditated treason could awake them from their slumbers. Nor, when De Coligni was well nigh assassinated by the aim of an enemy,* less scrupulous than the knight of Bothwelhaugh, could they be aroused, either by the crime itself, or by the eloquence which it called forth from the *Vidame of Chartres*, to see in this attempt "the first act of an hideous tragedy." Never were the extraordinary talents of the queen mother more evident, or more successful, than in the series of intrigues, by which the protestant leaders were amused, until the scheme for their destruction was matured; and it is most remarkable that the very measures, by which she lulled their fears to rest, were those which laid them most completely at the mercy of their persecutors. It was recommended by Charles that the principal gentlemen of the party should take up their quarters around the lodging of the wounded admiral,

* *Louviers-Maurevel*, who, having been educated as a page in the family of Guise, had early given indications of an evil disposition, had rendered himself infamously notorious by the murder of a courtier in revenge for some trivial punishment, and by that of the noble Mouy, governor of Niort, at the instigation, and for the wages, of the Catholic leaders. In consequence of this latter feat he was again employed by the same family to shoot the celebrated admiral, which deed he, however, failed to accomplish. *Mezeray*, xi. 119, 209.

† *Mezeray*, xi. 219.

avowedly that they might be ever at hand to protect him from the machinations of his foes, but in truth that being thus collected into one body, they might be butchered at ease without a hope of resistance, or a possibility of escape. A guard of honor was appointed from the musqueteers of the royal household to watch over the safety of De Coligni, but this very guard was under the command of Cosseins, his most deadly enemy; and lastly, with unparalleled baseness Charles and his fiendish mother actually paid a visit of condolence at the bed-side of the man, whom they had doomed to a miserable and disgraceful end.

All was at length prepared; the Duke of Guise selected, as the chief most fitted for the conduct of the massacre; the captains of the Swiss companies and the Italian *condottieri* were harangued and loaded with reward; the *dizeniers* of the burgher guards were privately instructed to arm their men in all the quarters of the city, to assume, as distinctive ensigns, a white cross in their hats, and white scarfs on their arms, to kindle flambeaus in every window, and when the palace clock should sound, as it was wont to do at break of day, — to fall on and leave no *Huguenot* alive within the walls of Paris. Nor was this all; in every town throughout the realm, like orders had been despatched by certain hands to all the Catholic governors, so that the striking of that bell in the metropolis, should be repeated from every tower in France at the same hour, a signal for simultaneous massacre, a knell for thousands and tens of thousands of her bravest and her best. One circumstance, however, had occurred, which in no slight degree embarrassed the proceedings of the royal executioners, and it needed all the influence of Catharine to hold her weaker, yet no less wicked, son firm to his resolution.

The whole day succeeding to their interview with Hamilton, had been spent by that bad pair in expectation amounting almost to agony. In obedience to the mandate of his master, De Crespigny had departed, with three ruffians of the guard, to seal the tongue of Bothwelhaugh for ever. The gates of Paris had been closed, and the escape of the victim seemed impossible, nor could it be imagined for a moment that one unsupported foreigner could successfully resist the arms of four assailants selected for their skill, no less than their ferocity. Still hour after hour crept along, and no tidings arrived of the success or failure of the enterprise, till on the very morning of the intended massacre, the stiff and mangled corpses of all the four were discovered among the shrubbery of the royal gardens, bearing fearful marks, on head and trunk, of the tremendous weapon, which had laid them low. That they had perished by the hand of Hamilton was evident, but to the means by which one man had defeated and slain four antagonists, each at the least his equal in strength, no clue could be discovered; nor could the most diligent inquiries throw any light upon the subsequent movements, or the present residence of the victor. Indeed from the moment of his dismissal from the king's apartment, no one appeared to have seen or heard aught of an individual far too remarkable both in personal appearance and in dress to have passed unnoticed amidst the idlers of the metropolis. It was nevertheless certain from the demeanor of De Coligni, and of his unsuspecting friends, that, hitherto at least, no discovery of their meditated destruction had occurred; and although probable that the indignant Scot, on finding himself singled out for death by his

frustrated employers, should have revealed the whole conspiracy, it was yet possible that the same high-minded though mistaken spirit, which had urged him to avenge himself on his own personal oppressor, while neither fear nor favor could induce him to play the hireling stabber's part, might now prevail on him to conceal that villainy, however he might abhor and shrink from its fulfilment, which had been imparted to him beneath the seal of private confidence.

The night drew nigh, and with the darkness of the heavens a heavier gloom fell on the spirit of the king; an eager, fretful restlessness took place of his wonted dignity, — his eyes glared from their hollow sockets with a wild expression of misery, and the changing flush which now crimsoned his features, now left them as sallow as the lineaments of a corpse, gave awful tokens of a perturbed soul. Not an instant did he remain at rest, one moment flinging himself violently on a seat, then striding with unequal and agitated steps across the floor, like the chafed hyena in its den. Now swearing the annihilation of the *Huguenots* with fearful blasphemies, now accusing his advisers, and even his dreaded mother herself, of impious superstition and remorseless frenzy. "It is ye," — he said — "who have driven me to this abyss of guilt! It is ye who reap the profits of the sin! but it is I, miserable I! that shall be blasted through endless ages by the hatred of men, and perhaps by the wrath of God;" — and he sunk in an agony of tears upon the couch, which rocked beneath the violence of his convulsive anguish.

"Go to!" — cried Catharine with undissembled rage — "Go to! thou coward boy, talk not to me of conscience and condemnation! Thinkest thou to hide from me who have watched it from your earliest years, the secrets of that craven heart. 'Tis not the wrath of God — 't is not the hatred of posterity that thou dost fear. Say rather that thou dost tremble at the despair of thine enemies, that thou dost shrink in terror — base terror! from one weak, aged, wounded mortal! — Out, out upon thee, for a miserable dastard! Nay, rather out upon myself, that I have born a coward to the house of Medicis!"

"Darest thou," — shouted the boy, springing from his seat, and confronting her with equal fury, — "Darest thou say this to me?" —

"All men will dare do so," — she answered scornfully, — "*All men! tête Dieu, all women* will dare to call thee coward! Will pray to the saints, in their extremity, that they may give birth to idiots, monsters, anything, — but such as thee!"

"Mother," — he cried, gnashing his teeth with rage, and playing with his poniard's hilt, — "Peace! peace! or by Him who made me, you shall rue this hour. — Tremble!" —

"*Lache! Poltron!* Wouldst thou bare thy weapon on a woman, — and that woman, one who fears it less than thee! — which for thy life thou durst not handle in the presence of De Coligni. *Tremble?* — thinkest thou that I *could* tremble, if I would; thinkest thou, that I, the destined champion of the Faith, — that I, the Savior of the Holy Church, — I who was preordained, before mine eyes beheld the day, to quench the light of heresy in blood, — that I who, if thou darest to hesitate, will take the guidance of this matter on myself, and win that glory here, that immortality hereafter, the brilliancy of which is more resplendent than thy dazzled

eyes can bear to look upon, thy vacillating mind to comprehend, — that *I* know how to tremble ? ”

Her vehemence prevailed ! the current of his thoughts was directed into another channel, and it was now with no small difficulty that she prevailed on him to await the result of the execution in the galleries of the Louvre, rather than to sheathe himself in steel, and sally forth at the head of the murderers, to prove his valor and to glut his newly awakened thirst for blood ! — Yet though she had thus confidently spoken of the glory, and the undoubted success of the conspiracy, in her own secret soul she shuddered ! not with fear, not with remorse, but with devouring care, with all engrossing agitation. Every trivial sound that echoed through the royal corridors, every distant peal of voices from the street, even the stealthy footstep of the attendant courtiers, or the sudden shutting of a door, struck on her guilty ear with a power hardly exceeded by that of the most appalling thunder. The glittering board was spread, the choicest viands served in vessels of gold, the richest vintages of Auxerre and Champagne, flowers, and fruits, and perfumes, all that could tempt the eye, or minister to the gratification of the senses, were set before the royal conclave. The goblets were filled and drained, the jest passed round, and smiles, human smiles, illuminated the features of those, who were plotting deeds worthy the arch-fiend himself. The boy-king and his brother, half-maddened by the excitement of suspense, the delirium of meditated guilt, and the fiercer stimulus of wine, could scarce refrain from bursting into open fury ; while their craftier parent, even as she yielded to the intoxication of the moment, never for an instant forgot the dreadful responsibility which claimed the fullest exercise of her keen energies ; and, although she lent herself entirely to the accomplishment of her present object, — the winding up of her son’s vacillating courage to its utmost pitch, — she had yet an ear for every remote murmur, an eye for every varying expression that might flit across the brow of page or chamberlain ; an almost super-human readiness of mind, that would have defied the most critical emergency to find it unprovided with some apt expedient.

Stroke after stroke the heavy bells rang midnight, and it seemed, to each of those excited minds, as though an age elapsed between each fast-repeated clang. Another hour had yet its course to run, before those *matins*, whose name shall never be spoken without abhorrence, while the world endures, should sound the condemnation of a people. Another hour had yet to creep, or to career, above their heads, before ten thousand sleepers should be awakened — NEVER TO SLEEP AGAIN ! — The flowers had lost their fragrance — the wine palled on their deadened palates, — the lights, reflected by a hundred plates of chrystal, seemed but to render darkness visible. Yet who could calmly sit and count the minutes that were to marshal in that morning of indiscriminate slaughter, who could endure to listen to the monotonous ticking of that clock, the earliest chimes of which were to be answered by the groans of dying myriads ?

“ *Allons !* ” — at length exclaimed the callous mother, — “ *nous nous ennuyons ici*. It will be better in the tennis court than here ! Thence we can mark the progress of the execution ! ” — and rising from her seat she led the way, her features dressed in smiles, and her eyes beaming with exultation, to the hall of exercise. Few moments had elapsed before the

clatter of the rackets, the lively bouncing of the balls, and the loud voices of the antagonists announced, that heart and spirit were engrossed in the excitement of the game. Oaths, shouts of laughter, proffered bets, and notes of sportive triumph rang from the tongues, that, scarce an hour ago, had decided on the doom of the unsuspecting innocents; and that, before another should arrive, would lend their tones to swell the fearful cry of "Kill! kill! — Death to the Huguenots, — kill and spare not!"

The noble gallery, which had been fitted, according to the fashion of the day, for the *jeu de paume*, overlooked with its tall netted casements, the principal street of Paris, even at that early age a wide and beautiful parade. The cool breeze from the river swept refreshingly around their feverish brows, but wasted not a sound to their ears; although they well knew that the guards must be already at their posts, crouching like tigers, that their spring might be unerringly destructive. Tranquil, however, as it appeared, the city glowed with almost noon-day light, for every window was illuminated with row above row of flashing torches, and, at every angle of the streets, huge lanterns swayed to and fro in the fresh currents of the night wind. It was a beautiful scene, but at the same time one whose beauty was of a painful and unnatural cast; every joint and moulding of the walls, nay every crevice of the pavements, was defined, as clearly as the outlines of a Flemish picture; yet it seemed as if this unaccustomed splendor had been produced by some enchantment, and to meet no mortal end; for not a human being was to be seen throughout the whole perspective, not a houseless dog intruded on this strange solitude. At an earlier period of the night all had been dark and gloomy, even before the hum of traffic, or of pleasure, had entirely subsided; but now, when every place was silent and deserted, unseen hands had steeped the vast metropolis in lustre, to be witnessed by no admiring multitudes. Long and wistfully did Catharine gaze upon that spectacle, straining her senses, sharpened as they were by the most fearful expectation, to catch whatever indication sight or sound might offer of the success of the conspiracy. At length, as she listened, Charles, — whose care-worn eye wandered ever and anon from his deep gaming to his mother's countenance, — saw by the momentary shudder that thrilled her stately form, and by the rigid tension of her features, that the moment was at hand, — and so in truth it was! Even when that tremor quivered through her limbs, the hammer hung suspended above the tocsin bell. She had beheld no vision, — she had heard no murmur to announce the hour, — yet she knew, — she felt — that, ere the breath which she was then inhaling, should go forth, the matin peal would sound. And it did sound! — Heavily did the first clang of St. Germain's a l' Auxerre strike on their bursting hearts, but ere its ringing cadences had died away, another, and another, and another, took up the signal; till at every pause between their deafening clamor, the chimes of an hundred tocsins might be heard losing themselves in undistinguished distance! — A single shot broke through the din of bells with its sharp report, a straggling volley followed, — a long, clear, female shriek, — and then the brutal riot of the savage soldiery, the shivering clash of steel, groans, prayers, and execrations, were blent in one terrific roar! — If ever earthly scene might be assimilated justly to the abode of condemned sinners, and tormenting fiends, Paris was such, on that infernal morning. No! it is not profanity

to say or to believe that disembodied demons exulted in their prison-houses, if they were not permitted to revel in the actual contemplation of Christian men converted into worse than pagan persecutors, — of the brightest city of Christendom presenting the appalling aspect of an universal hell!

"It is done," — cried Catharine, clapping her hands in furious triumph — "The Lord hath arisen and his enemies are scattered!"

"I am at length a king!" — exclaimed the boy, whose fears were swallowed up in ecstasy at the accomplishment of all his machinations, — "Brave Guise! Noble Cosseins! — Happy the monarch who can trust to servants, such as ye!"

Before the words had passed his lips, a louder, and a nearer burst of mingled cries shewed that the tide of carnage set towards the palace. Hurling his racket to the further end of the long hall, he sprang to his mother's side, and, as he viewed the massacre of his confiding subjects, tossed his arms aloft with an expression of eye and lip that might have well beseeemed a Nero! — First a few scattered wretches rushed singly, or in groups, along the lighted streets; mothers and maids, — stern men with dauntless hearts, and scar-seamed brows, — old grandsires with their feeble limbs, and locks of snow, — and infants tottering along in helpless terror! — Then with a sound like that of the spring-tide, the thoroughfare was choked by thousands, frantic with despair, hurrying, they knew not whither, like sheep before their slaughterers. Behind them flashed the bloody sword of Guise and his relentless satellites; before, the gates were closed; above, around, on every side, from every roof, and every window of the illuminated dwellings, the volleyed shot hurled them in masses to destruction.

"Quick! quick! my harquebuss!" — yelled the impatient Charles, maddened by the sight of blood, and thirsting like the fleshed wolf for his peculiar share. "Kill! kill!" — he shouted in yet loftier tones, as the unsparing Duke dashed forward, crimsoned from spur to plume with Christian blood, animating the fanatic Italians of the guard, and aiding the work of slaughter, with his own polluted weapon. "Kill! kill! — Gallant De Guise. Kill! and let none escape!"

Before the windows of the Louvre was a narrow court, fenced from the street by a tall palisade of ornamented iron work; hither, in the first impulse of their terrors, had a herd of wretches fled, as it were to sanctuary in the immediate presence of their king; and here were they confined between the massive portals of the palace, and the noble thoroughfare now crowded even to suffocation by an unresisting multitude, through which the sword was slowly but implacably hewing itself a passage. Protected by the fretted railings from their foes without, they had vainly flattered themselves that they were secure from immediate violence, and trusted to the proverb, which has but too frequently been found fallacious — "That a king's face, gives grace!" — what then must have been their agony when they beheld that very countenance, to which they looked for mercy, glaring along the levelled matchlock, and felt their miserable bodies pierced by the shot at each discharge, and by the hand of their legitimate protector.

On that tremendous night, Hamilton, like a thousand others, was startled from sleep, in his secluded lodging, by the roar of musquetry, and by the howls of the infuriate murderers; but, unlike the rest, he recognized at once the sequel of that relentless policy, to which he had himself refused to mi-

nister. During the very night, on which he had been admitted to the royal presence, on his return homewards through the gardens of the Louvre, he had been assaulted by the assassins, whom from their garb and arms he at once distinguished as the agents of the king; by a pretended flight he had succeeded in avoiding their united force, and singly overpowering each, had escaped uninjured to his dwelling. Conscious that he was singled out by a power, which it would be no easy matter to elude, and deeming that some political convulsion was at hand, he had kept himself in total retirement, till the hue and cry should have blown over, and till some opportunity might offer for his effecting a retreat from France.

Springing from his couch at the first sounds of the massacre, he perceived at a glance that all the neighboring casements were lighted up as if for some high festival, nor could he for a moment doubt but that to be discovered unprepared would be a signal for his instant death. Few moments sufficed to kindle such a blaze as would vouch for his privity to whatever plot might be on foot, to prepare his weapons for the crisis, and to arm himself from head to heel. Ere long the tumult thickened, the same tragedy was enacted before his humble doors, that was polluting even then the threshold of the royal residence. A few shots from his window, harmlessly aimed above the heads of the poor fugitives, procured him at once the character of a zealous partizan; when, binding the badge of white upon his arm, — which he had remarked with his accustomed keenness, — and fixing in his burnished morion the silver cross of his loved country, he descended, resolutely plunging through the abhorred carnage, in the hope of extricating himself, amidst the general havoc, from the guilty city.

Though by no means elevated in all his thoughts above the prejudices of the age, and though himself a zealous adherent of the Romish Church, his noble soul revolted from a scene so barbarous, and, as he saw at once, so horribly gratuitous. Had the destruction been confined to the leaders of the *Huguenot* party, nay, even to the whole of its armed supporters, it is possible that his ideas might not have soared beyond the spirit of his times; but when he saw children unable yet to lisp their earliest words, girls in the flush of virgin loveliness, and youthful mothers with their infants at their bosom, hewn down and trampled to the earth, he shrank with inward loathing from such promiscuous slaughter, and hardly could he refrain from starting to the rescue. Nurtured, however, as he had been, in a rude and iron country, educated in a school of warfare, inured, from his youth upward, to sights of blood, and, above all things, tutored by sad experience, in that most arduous lesson, to keep the feelings ever in subjection to the reason, he had less difficulty in resisting his desire to strike a blow in behalf of helpless innocence, than we, at this enlightened period, can imagine; and thus, occasionally lending his deep voice to swell the clamor which he hated, he strode along amidst the host of persecutors, collecting, as best he might, from the disjointed exclamations of the mob, such information as might serve to extricate him from the wide charnel house of Paris. Armed, from head to heel, in complete panoply, his unusual proportions, and lofty port, joined to the stern authority which sat upon his brow, caused him to be regarded in the light of a chieftain, among the Romish Partizans. It was not therefore long before he ascertained that two of the city gates had purposely been left unbarred, though circled by a

chosen band of Switzers, and Italian mercenaries; and if he could succeed in making his way unscathed to either of these, he doubted not but he should be able to pass, by means of his assumed importance; and, once at large, he was resolved to make no pause, until he should have crossed the sea. One difficulty alone presented itself, — it would be necessary that he should traverse the esplanade before the windows of the Louvre, — and beneath the very eyes of the perfidious Charles; who, if he should recognize the person of the haughty Scot, would, beyond a doubt, avenge the slight which had been offered to his Royal will. Still it was his sole chance of escape; and, when life is at stake, there is no probability, however slender, to which men will not cling in their extremity.

Boldly, but at the same time, cautiously, did Hamilton proceed, stifling his indignation at a thousand sights, which made his heart's blood curdle, with necessary resolution, nor daring to extend an arm to protect the miserable beings who clung around his knees, wrestling with their cold-blooded murderers, and shrieking, in their great agony, for "Life! Life, for the love of God!" — Once, as with ill-dissembled fury, he headed a band of more than common ferocity, a lovely female, — her slender garments torn from her limbs, by the rude soldiery, — her long, fair tresses dabbled in the blood which gushed from twenty wounds, — thrust her helpless babe into his arms, beseeching him with anguish, such as none but mothers feel — "If he had ever loved a woman, to save her little one." — Even as she spoke, a dark-browed Spaniard struck his stiletto into her bosom, and she fell, still shrieking as she lay beneath the trampling feet, — "*Sauvez — pour l'amour de Dieu, — sauvez mon miserable petit.*" The monster who had felled the parent, drove the bloody weapon into the throat of the infant, and whirling the little corpse around his head, shouted the accursed war-cry — "Death — death! to the Huguenots!" — It was fortunate for the noble Scot, that as he turned, the hot blood boiling to his brow with rage, to avenge the crime, an ill-directed shot from a neighboring casement, took place in the Spaniard's forehead, and, with a mingled yell of agony and triumph, he plunged headlong forward upon the bodies of his victims, a dead man, ere he touched the pavement. His whole soul sickening at the fiendish outrage, Hamilton could barely nerve himself to go another step, in such companionship; but, although he did not move a limb, the pressure of the concourse bore him onward, till almost unconsciously he found himself a witness to the scenes, enacted in the court-yard of the Palace. The area of the promenade had, by this time, been cleared of living occupants through means too surely indicated by the piles of gory carcasses heaped up on every side. The men, tired of unresisted butchery, leaned listlessly on their tall lances, unless some keener stimulus urged them to fresh exertions; they had become epicures, as it were, in cruelty, and rarely moved from their positions, unless to commit some deed of blacker and more damnable atrocity. The king still kept his station at the window of the tennis court, and ever and anon, the bright flash of his harquebuss announced that he still found gratification in wanton bloodshed. The unfortunate wretches who had rushed into the toils, while seeking for a refuge, had, for the most part, fallen victims to his deadly aim; but a few, smarting with unnumbered wounds, and rendered sullen by despair, crouched in a corner of the small enclosure, seemingly unwilling to meet

their fate, otherwise than in company; till, pricked and goaded up by the pike of the *condottieri*, they were compelled to run the gauntlet, foaming at the mouth, like over-driven oxen, and staggering like men in the last stage of drunkenness. The red spot glowed upon the front of Bothwelhaugh, as he beheld this savage pastime; for many hours his cholera had been accumulating, and it was now fast verging to the point, at which it must find vent, or suffocate him. He saw a fair child borne in the arms of a brawny butcher of the *fauxbourgs*, smiling up into the face and twining its tiny fingers amongst the clotted moustaches of its unmoved tormentor;—he saw it torn from its hold, impaled upon a lance, and held aloft, a target for the monarch's practice. He saw de Guise, the arch-mover of the mischief, descend from his *destrier*, and coolly wipe the visage of the slaughtered Coligni, with his own kerchief, to ascertain the identity of the lifeless clay. He saw a band of little children, dragging an infant Huguenot along, laughing and crowing at its youthful executioners, to plunge the cradled babe in the dark eddies of the Seine. He felt that he could endure this no longer,—he felt that he must proclaim his hatred and abhorrence, or expire in the effort of repressing them; and all that he now desired, was an opportunity of dying with éclat, and of involving in his own destruction the author of so many horrors. At the very moment, when these fiery thoughts were working in his brain, an object met his eye, which, by recalling associations of a time and place far distant, roused him at once to open fury. A mother bearing her lifeless child along, hopelessly and irretrievably frantic! Regardless of the wounds which had been inflicted on her tender frame,—fearless of the pursuers, who hunted her with brandished blades,—she dandled the clay-cold body in the air, or hushed it in her bleeding bosom, humming wild fragments, which her memory yet retained, from melodies of happier days. At once the snow-storm on the banks of Eske, his own beloved bride, frenzied and perishing beside the first-born pledge of her affections, rushed instantaneously upon his mind. "Accursed butchers, hold!"—He shouted in a voice of thunder, and, ere they could obey his bidding, the foremost fell, precipitated by the swiftness of his previous motion, ten feet in front of his intended victim;—a second, and a third staggered away from his tremendous blows mortally wounded, while the rest, struck with astonishment at seeing one, whom they, till now, had followed as a champion in their cause, stand forth in the defence of a proscribed heretic, faltered, and skulked aside like rated hounds. Ere he had time to reflect on the consequences of his rashness, a well-remembered voice thrilled in his ear, "*C'est lui.*" No more was spoken; but in that brief sentence, he had heard and recognized his doom. Turning towards the palace-front, he marked the form of Catharine, leaning from the window; and pointing, in all the eagerness of hatred, her extended arm to his own person; behind her, he could just distinguish the sallow features of the king, reaching his hand to grasp the matchlock, which a courtier loaded at his elbow. "I shall die"—muttered the undaunted Scot—"but unavenged never."—A petronel was in his hand,—the muzzle bore fully on the majestic figure of the queen, his finger pressed the trigger,—he paused,—stood like a statue carved in marble, his weapon still directed to the mark, and that falcon glance, which never yet had missed its aim, fixed steadfastly upon its object!—He saw the carabine

of the tyrant rise slowly to its level, yet he fired not! — The person of Charles was screened by the intervention of his mother's breast. — "Devil!" — he shouted — "Devil that thou art, — Exult in thine impunity! No Hamilton hath ever harmed a woman!" The carabine was discharged, but no motion of the Scot showed what had been the event! — The brow was still serene, the arm extended, and the eye-ball calm as ever! — The hand rose higher, till the pistol pointed perpendicularly upwards, — the report rang clearly into the air, — and ere the echoes passed away, the gallant, but misguided soldier lay a corpse upon the bloody pavement; cut off himself, as he had slain the oppressor, by the bullet of a concealed assassin. Such are the ways of Providence.

H.

THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST.

From the 2nd Olympic of Pindar.

ETERNAL sunbeams gild those verdant isles,
Where noon of night with morning's radiance smiles;
Where dwell THE BLEST, from mortal sorrows free,
Nor vex the earth for gain, nor tempt the sea;
Where, with time-honored gods, the just, and great,
Serene and tearless, joy their blissful state;
While far aloof the guilty shades complain,
Plunged in the abyss of unimagined pain.

All blest! Who save — thrice tempted here below —
Their spirits' whiteness pure from passion's glow!
For these have trodden Jove's delightful road
To endless glory, in his sire's abode.
There ocean breezes fan the happy land,
There flowers of heaven enrich the sea — the strand.
From tufted trees the golden blossoms gleam,
They float in splendor on the living stream,
They flash in circlets on each arm of snow,
And twine the wreaths on each immortal brow.

Peleus and Cadmus, by that judge sublime,
Just Rhadamanth, — whom Chronos, king of Time,
High Rhea's everlasting consort chose, —
There in bright immortality repose;
And thither, when Jove's heart by prayers was won,
The silver-footed goddess bore her son.
Her son! — That glorious Hector did destroy —
The earth-fast prop, invincible, of Troy; —
That sent brave Cycnus from the realms of day,
And fair Aurora's Æthiop son did slay!

Q.

LUCIA, THE BETROTHED. From the Italian of Alessandro Manzoni. 2 vols. 12 mo. pp. 558. New York: George Dearborn, Publisher.

It was with sincere pleasure that we hailed the arrival of this fascinating foreigner in her American costume, nor do we feel less gratification in recommending her to the earliest attention of our friends than we ourselves experienced in renewing our acquaintance. It has, for a long time, been our opinion that much might be done by a spirited and judicious publisher, in giving to the world, correct and easy translations from the popular works both of France and Italy, which, although their *character* may have been familiar to the many, have been hitherto but a sealed book to that infinite majority, which is included under the head of merely English readers. That such an enterprize would be far more creditable, as well as far more beneficial to the cause of American literature, than the practice of reprinting every worthless novel which issues from the London press; no one of course could doubt, but, unfortunately, the comparative facility and cheapness, with which the latter is effected, have heretofore almost precluded the better, and, we hope it may be proved, the more profitable course. Within the present century a school of writers has arisen on the European continent, which has entirely altered the aspect of French and Italian literature. In the former country Beranger and La Martine as poets, with Paul de Koch and Victor Hugo as novelists, — the latter being also no vulgar votary of the muse, — discarding alike the high flown sentimentality, and the total absence of real nature, which were so peculiarly the characteristics of the great writers under the *ancient regime*, have condescended to describe mankind as it is; nor have they been less successful in gaining the sympathies of their readers by the recital of events, the like of which are hourly and daily occurring, than were their predecessors by their far fetched, and, therefore, unaffecting, rhapsodies. In Italy a host of names are already “fluttering in the mouths of men,” who are content to follow the rules of nature rather than those of art, and who have discovered that it may be possible to polish the metal so highly as to destroy its keenness. Among these, not the least celebrated, is the author of the work whose title stands at the head of our present article. As a tragedian, as a lyric poet, and as a novelist, he has acquired a high degree of fame in each capacity, and, perhaps, when all his various qualifications are taken into account, there is no author of the present day who could produce works so far above mediocrity in so many different branches. Of his dramatic talents our readers have already had an opportunity of judging, from a paper in our preceding number, of his merits in another line it is our intention to treat in the present paper, and we hope sincerely that our observations may be of some avail in procuring to the publisher of the *Betrothed* an increase of that patronage, which alone can compensate for his unwearied efforts to give pleasure. In his romantic writings, then, we would unhesitatingly term Manzoni the Walter Scott of the Italian peasantry, for it is with these that for the most part he has to

do, and, in truth, there are many points of comparison, which, we believe, would bear us out in the assertion. The strongest point of resemblance is undoubtedly the nationality, which is common to the writings of both. — By nationality we would be understood to mean the peculiar faculty of embodying the feelings, habits, character, and genius of a district or an age, in a single figure or in a group. It is a commonly predicated fallacy that human nature is the same at all times, and in all quarters of the globe; but when we consider, that what we call human nature is but a compound of habits and of prejudices, we shall at once perceive that it *must* vary according to its different circumstances of education, and its associate custom, as all experience has discovered that it *does* vary. It has been alleged as a reproach against the poet of the *Æneid*, that he has drawn all his heroes from a single model, that when the student has become acquainted with the “strong Gias” he is equally at home with the “strong Cloanthus;” but with more truth might the charge be brought against most writers previous to the time of Scot, that their Romans or Barbarians, Jews or Gentiles, French, Dutch, Italians, dwellers under every quarter of the heaven, were all children of one soil. To so great an extent may this application be carried, that we shall find on consideration that even the immortal Shakspeare, if we except his Roman dramas, had little or no perception of the nicer shades of national character; while in the vaunted productions of the French tragedians the incongruities, displayed by the gallicised worthies of old, are hardly less ridiculous than the mode, practised till so recent a date, of investing an Alexander or a Brutus with a court sword and *solitaire*. In the much admired romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, the same thing is remarkable, inasmuch as all her characters, be the scene of their exploits where it may, are Englishmen from their shoe tie to their beavers, — placed in situations, we grant it, wherein no Englishman could be found, but still in all their ideas, and their motives, undoubted Britons. Again, our distinguished countryman, Mr. Cooper, is wholly deficient in that nice discernment, which perceives at once, and accurately delineates, those trifling variations in the train of thought and mode of expression, which constitute the wide difference between the characters no less of nations, than of individuals. We know, indeed, no author, of any period, who has been so happy, as Sir Walter, in his mode of fixing the identity of his dramatis personæ without resorting to any of those miserable expedients, such as the eternal *rosbif de Jean Bool*, or the fricasseed frogs of *Monsieur*, and other hackneyed terms of slang, by which alone his predecessors were wont to signify the nations from which their heroes might be considered to have sprung; — but were we asked to whom we would assign the second place, our unhesitating answer would be Manzoni! And to him should that man turn for information, who would seek to understand the genius of the modern Romans, rather than to the sagest essay, or the most elaborate disquisition.

It is far from our intention to state that Manzoni is in all respects equal to the northern magician, that his plots are constructed with the same enchainning interest, or adorned with the same gorgeous descriptions, whether of scenery or actions. Without all this, however, there is enough in the originality and freshness of his conceptions, joined to no small power of picturesque narrative, — which is not perhaps the less effective that it is

but sparingly employed, — to afford a rich banquet to all readers, whose literary palates have not been deadened by over excitement; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Dearborn may meet with sufficient patronage, in his present undertaking, to encourage him to further perseverance in opening this new source of enjoyment to the reading world.

The *Betrothed* is by most persons considered the author's masterpiece, and we are willing to confess ourselves somewhat inclined towards this opinion. The plot is in itself simple almost to meagreness, nor is there in the *soi disant* heroes of the tale quite enough of interest to enlist our sympathies in their behalf; but in the episodes, which are numerous and ably introduced, there is displayed a high degree of almost dramatic excellence. We would particularly specify those of Gertrude, the profligate nun of Monza, — of the insurrection of Milan, and the plague in the same devoted city, — and above all of the conversion of the *Unknown* by Federigo Borromeo, none of which could be surpassed by any writer of the present day. But we are anticipating! — The story, — which, by the way, would appear utterly unnatural to any person unacquainted with the state of Italy at the most dismal period of its history, — is briefly this. A young couple, natives of a nameless village on the lake of Como, Lorenzo, — familiarly Renzo, — Tramaglino and Lucia Mondella, having been for some time mutually attached, have arranged all matters for their union on the morrow of the day wherewith the narrative commences; on this day, however, Don Abbondio, the curate of the village is forbidden by two bravi in the pay of Don Rodrigo, — one of the robber chieftains who oppressed the country far and wide, — to perform the ceremony, or to divulge the cause of his refusal, on pain of instant death. The curate, a selfish coward, who has entered upon his holy calling, neither induced by pious motives, nor by a desire of self-aggrandizement, but simply in order to escape from the danger to which all but the clergy were exposed in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, complies with the unlawful mandate. The lovers are of course plunged into the abyss of despair, and, after a vain attempt to cheat the curate into the performance of his duty, are compelled to expatriate themselves; Lucia taking refuge, by the advice of Father Christoforo — a character by the way of no ordinary elevation or conception — in the neighboring convent of Monza, while the unhappy Renzo is the bearer of a letter to a Capuchin at Milan, where he hopes to find refuge "till the tyranny be overpast." Here, however, new difficulties await him! He finds the populace half famished, owing to the pressure of two scarce harvests caused by the devastation of the Milanese, and to the impolitic enactments of Antonio Ferera the Spanish High Chancellor, and in a state of insurrection. The bakers' shops are plundered in the first instance with the view of obtaining bread alone, till the mob gaining confidence from their success, proceed to attack the house of the vicar of provisions, with the avowed intent of wreaking summary vengeance on his head. Lorenzo, prompted at first by curiosity, and afterwards, by an amiable desire of saving the poor man from his misguided foes, mingles with the multitude, and in consequence is arrested on the following morning as a ringleader by the police, but being rescued by the rioters, escapes beyond the Adda into the territory of St. Mark. In the mean time Lucia, by the instrumentality of the guilty Gertrude, whose story is told with fearful

reality, is entrapped for Don Rodrigo by a still more powerful oppressor than himself, designated as *the Unknown*. By some strange influence produced on his mind, by the beauty and innocence of Lucia, this savage and remorseless persecutor is betrayed into a milder and more reflective mood than he has experienced since the days of his uncorrupted childhood; at this crisis the arrival of the celebrated Federigo Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, at the neighboring hamlet, produces a yet stronger commotion in his mind; he resolves to seek pardon and comfort at the hands of this holy man, and his visit gives rise to one of the most beautiful and touching scenes, we ever remember to have read. With a word of cant, without a line of controversial writing, without in short any of those topics, which, however excellent in their proper place, are, in our opinion, both uncalled for and injudicious in the pages of a novel, the conversion of this fierce robber, this licentious scourge of innocence, is described so feelingly, that any reader who can peruse it without sympathy, may, we think, boast the qualities attributed to Frederick of Prussia, "the possession of the coolest head and hardest heart in Christendom." This alteration in his feelings of course produces the emancipation of Lucia, who is placed by the archbishop under the protection of Donna Prassede, a very good, but somewhat tedious lady, under whose care, shortly after her escape, she removes to Milan, in order to avoid an army of German condottieri, then on their march against Mantua, through the unhappy Milanese. The plague ensues, with all its horrible accompaniments of unnatural revelry, the well known consequence of despair, — and the dissolution of all ties of friendship and of kindred. — Yet undeterred by all the dangers which he must undergo, Renzo, terrified almost to madness by apprehensions concerning Lucia, sets forth to find her, arrives, despite of all perils in the infected city, and is at length rewarded by the discovery of his mistress in the lazaretto, just recovered from the terrible disease, which had swept off, — amongst a thousand other victims of smaller importance to our heroine, — alike her persecutor, Don Rodrigo, and her noble protector, Cristoforo. All obstacles to their union being thus removed, the truckling Don Abbondio consents to join the lovers, and the novel ends, *selon la regle*, with a wedding.

The principal deficiency of the tale lies, as we have already stated, in the want of interest in the characters of Renzo and his mistress, arising from a certain degree of imbecility, or, at the least, lack of energy in the lover; and from the merely passive nature of the part allotted to Lucia Mondella. These slight failures are, however, more than compensated by the strength of portraiture displayed in the personality of Father Cristoforo, the keeping of whose character is perfect from beginning to end, — of the mild, beneficent, and almost sainted Borromeo, and last, not least, of the paltry, truckling Don Abbondio, — each in his peculiar line, a masterpiece. The insurrection of San Martino, at Milan, though far inferior, both in life and splendor of description, to Scott's admirable rebellion at Liege, has yet some points which remind us of the author of *Waverley*. While the Pestilence, — a subject which has been treated of, and always nobly, by Thucydides, Lucretius, Boccaccio, and lastly, by the learned author of *Bramblety House*, — is awfully graphic in its details, and, as a whole, we hesitate not to say, superior to all its predecessors. The superstitious terror of the populace, the misery of the deserted sick, the faithful devotion of the

few, the tremendous revelry of the *monatti*, are painted with a truth which is more impressive than the most elaborate fiction. Painful such pictures must invariably be found, but at the same time, it is in such that the genius of an author is ever most distinctly manifested. To avoid all that is low and little, or disgusting, in detail, — to grasp the many points of pathos, energy and horror, which are offered, is a task for no ordinary intelligence; and it is here that Manzoni has concentrated all his powers — whether he is describing Don Rodrigo stricken, in the midst of revelry, by the unseen finger of disease, — deserted by his guilty associates, — betrayed by the confidential agent of his crimes, raving, overpowered, dying! — or the mother providing for the decent burial of her beloved child, he is equally sublime. The last passage is so exquisite that, — although our limits already seem to cry, “hold! enough!” — we must extract it:

“At the entrance of one of the most spacious streets, he perceived four cars standing; *monatti* were seen entering houses, coming forth with burthens on their shoulders, and laying them on their cars; some were clothed in their red dress, others without any distinctive mark, but the greater number with a distinctive mark, more odious still than their customary dress, plumes of various colors, which they wore with an air of triumph in the midst of the public mourning. Renzo avoided, as much as possible, the view of the horrible spectacle; but his attention was soon attracted by an object of singular interest; a female, whose aspect won the regards of every beholder, came out of one of the houses, and approached the cars. In her features was seen beauty, veiled and clouded, but not destroyed by the mortal languor which seemed to oppress her; the soft and majestic beauty which shines in the Lombard blood. Her step was painful but decided; she wept not, although there were traces of tears on her countenance. There was a tranquility and profundity in her grief which absorbed all her powers. But it was not *her* appearance alone which excited compassion in hearts closed up to every human feeling; she held in her arms a young girl about nine years of age, dead, but dressed with careful precision; her hair divided smoothly on her pale forehead, and clothed in a robe of brilliant white. She was not lying, but seated on the arm of the lady, her head leaning on her shoulder; you would have thought she breathed, if a little white hand had not hung down with inanimate weight, and her head reposed on the shoulder of her mother, with an abandonment more decided than that of sleep. Of her mother! it was indeed her mother! If the resemblance of their features had not told it, you would have known it by the expression of that fair and lovely countenance!

A hideous *monatto* approached the lady, and with unusual respect offered to relieve her of her burthen. “No,” replied she, with an appearance neither of anger, nor disgust, “do not touch her yet; it is I who must place her on the car. Take this,” and she dropped a purse into the hands of the *monatto*, “promise me not to touch a hair of her head, nor to let others do it, and bury her thus.”

The *monatto* placed his hand on his heart, and respectfully prepared a place on the car for the infant dead. The lady after having kissed her forehead, placed her on it, as carefully as if it had been a couch, — spread over her a white cloth, and took a last leave; — “Farewell, Cecilia! rest in peace! to-night we will come to you, and then we shall be separated no more!” Turning again to the *monatto*, “As you pass, to-night,” said she, “you will come for me; I shall not be alone!” She returned into the house, and a moment after, re-appeared at a window, holding in her arms another cherished child, who was still living, but with the stamp of death on her countenance. She contemplated the unworthy obsequies of Cecilia, until the car disappeared from her eyes, and then left the window, with her mournful burthen. And what remained for them, but to die together, as the flower, which proudly lifts its head, falls with the bud, under the desolating scythe, which levels every herb of the field.”

If this gem induce not a further perusal, our words are useless. The translation is, on the whole, very ably executed, although here and there a phrase occurs, partaking more strongly of the Italian, than of the English idiom; and the language generally is pure, perspicuous, and unaffected. Occasionally, it is true, a word startles us as being utterly at variance with

elegance, if not with exactness. That which struck us most forcibly, was an incorrect usage of the word to *realize*, which occurs twenty times, at least, in the signification of "to understand," or "to perceive the reality of," — whereas the true force of the word is, "to make real," or, according to Johnson, "to bring into being, or act." It is true, that we may say, without violating any propriety of language, "to realize an idea *to ourselves*," but, without the adjoined dative, the only possible signification of the word, would be, "to convert an idea into money." We are the more anxious to point out an error, such as this ; because it is, in truth, a pity that a person who has the powers of composition so great as the translator of Manzoni, should commit any solecism, whatever, in writings which would otherwise be nearly perfect.

When we have said that the *Betrothed* is published by Mr. Dearborn, we have stated, in fact, that it is published in a style of elegance, both as to quality of paper, typography, and external embellishment, heretofore unknown in New York ; and which, we trust, will meet with the reward, it so undoubtedly deserves, — the approbation of a discerning public.

SONG.

THE cloud where sunbeams soft repose,
Gilt by the changeful ray,
With tints still warm, and golden, glows
When they have passed away.

The stream that in its billowy sweep
Bursts from the mountain's side,
Bears far into the calm blue deep
Its swift and freshening tide.

Thus youthful joys our hearts can thrill,
Though life has lost its bloom ;
And sorrow's hours of darkness still
With lingering charms illumine.

E. F. E.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE DEAD.

From the Phrygians, a lost Drama of Æschylus.

Thou canst not joy, — if joy thou would'st — the slain ! —
Thou canst not harm ! — To them there comes no change
From bliss to anguish, — both alike unknown !
Yet over us stern Nemesis hath sway,
And Justice wreaks the VENGEANCE OF THE DEAD.

H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

NO. XI.

Be brave then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer; — all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass.

SHAKESPEARE.

Is't Cade that I have slain, that murderous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed.

IBID.

BEHOLD us now, *prisoners at large*, in a British ship of war, at a British anchorage, and surrounded by British vessels! — When our first consternation was over, and we could talk coolly on the matter, we felt inclined to laugh at what we considered to be the absurdity of the case, although we could not help admitting, that if our view of it was correct, many a brave fellow would have bitterly to rue that he had ever adventured on so wild a break-out. We, therefore, resolved to watch the signs of the times, and meanwhile to give no umbrage to these self-constituted authorities, who, in the plenitude of a temporary power, without a guiding mind, might wreak their vengeance upon us; — we agreed simply to take notes of all that passed, and compare with each other at every safe opportunity; not doubting that the insurrection would be speedily put down, and that we should be called upon, perhaps, under the melancholy circumstances of witnesses, against some of the gallant, hardy, but misled fellows, who now headed the affair in the several ships at Spithead. “Ah, you shall see now,” said Binnacle, the first lieutenant, “that one of the first things these fellows will think of, will be to sweat the purser.” — “Commissary,” said he to the purser, “you will want an indemnity from *your affectionate friends*,* else there will be a glorious impress on your personal pay, my boy.”

“I do not think so;” replied I, “there appeared a calm resolution in the tone and manner of those men, to-day, which not only bespeaks a purpose long and fully matured, but which assures the intention to go through with it, or perish. The simultaneous movement so well — I must say the word — so well executed, is proof that it is no hasty conviction, and that there are steersmen at the helm, who know how to guide the vessel. Our only hopes, in my opinion, are, that there are too many of them engaged in the matter, for a good understanding to continue any length of time, and that fleets will come round here, before they can carry their scheme to a result.”

“Well, we shall see,” rejoined Binnacle, “but what think you of their claims, Capt. R.? — These wild demands can never be received at the Admiralty, — they will never condescend to treat with ignorant men in a state of rebellion.”

“We had better not agitate that question just now, Binnacle; — our

* The navy board used to subscribe their letters, “your affectionate friends.” — E.B.

heads are in the lion's mouth, and if walls have ears, as the proverb says, much more likely are bulk-heads, in the time of commotion. — Therefore, leave all this to a safer opportunity."

But there was no need of such precaution. — The delegates *sent to request leave* to speak to me ; I went upon deck, and was informed, in the most respectful manner, that I should find the quarter-deck perfectly clear, for myself and my officers, whenever we should think proper to use it ; that the strictest order was enforced in the ship, and that any one who should endeavor to violate the respect with which it was their duty to treat us, would be most severely punished. We were requested to use no ceremony in using our writing materials, as the conduct of the present affair would admit the severest scrutiny, and feared neither misrepresentation, nor description ; any thing we wrote, should be carefully forwarded to the shore, at our pleasure ; but papers, of every kind brought on board, would necessarily be scrutinized. Upon two points, only, we were warned and advised ; — not to attempt any authority, in the present state of affairs, and to beware how we ventured to tamper, in the least, with man or boy.

I confess, I was thunderstruck. Here was sagacity, foresight, moderation, firmness, and respect, exhibited by the rudest of nature's children. I looked around me, — every man was sober, clean, attentive to the duties of the ship, *unusually silent* and grave, but neither sullen nor malicious in aspect. — The hour of dinner had arrived, and past ; every thing been conducted by the purser's steward, and the petty officers, after the usual forms, — but no grog was served. Sobriety was the rigid order of the times. They took the allowance of the afternoon, — sent down top-gallant yards in the evening, — piped down the hammocks, and set the *entire watch*. A sentinel was placed at my door, as usual, being a precaution, both in my favor, and in that of the new discipline ; another was placed at the door of the gun-room passage, so that communion was effectually cut off between us and the people.

Day after day passed on, and we still perceived the same round of duties carefully performed, and not the slightest tendency to disorder. Boats went and came, without a man being intoxicated, or a traitor to the seaman's cause absconding, — the red flag still flew at every gaff, but there was no assumption of dignity or honors ; we were aware that negotiations were opened, but the extent of the demands did not reach our ears, nor was there any talk concerning the reply to them. At length, the fourth of June arrived, — the anniversary of the sovereign's natal day. We observed that the decks were made unusually clean, the ropes all carefully *flemished* down, the yards carefully squared, the men all as clean as their bags could make them. I looked on, with curiosity, for the result of all this. Precisely at one o'clock, the men of every ship in the fleet, ran aloft, manned the yards, and gave three hearty cheers ; at the same time, the red flag was hauled down, and that of Old England hoisted. After three cheers, they all remained motionless for about a minute, on the yards ; they then gave one more tremendous cheer, and in a moment, they were all in ; the red flag resumed its place, and the late order of things again went on. — The effect of this scene was thrilling, — it was beyond expression, grand. — It was indicative of the most unshaken loyalty of soul,

mixed with the most indomitable resolution to effect an honest purpose. — It can never be forgotten by any one who saw it.

The time at length began to hang heavy on our hands, and as I found my journal was not likely to prove very interesting, either on public or private account, I resolved to go on shore; seeing that things were so well ordered in the ship, that I had nothing to fear for my property on board, nor was there now any expectation of seeing things restored to their former state of authority, until something should be done to redress the grievances. I, therefore, stated to Binnacle, the intention of putting myself under the admiral's orders, and recommended to him to stay on board, if he could reconcile himself to a longer privation; advising him, at the same time, if he did so, to continue the same prudent line of conduct, which we had hitherto adopted. In this he acquiesced; and I then applied myself to the delegates on board, informing them of my intention to go on shore, until these unhappy defections should be brought to a close. The men expressed the most unfeigned regret at my resolution, and even intreated me to think again upon it.

"You are free to go, Capt. R.," said the gunner's mate, "at any moment you may think proper; and go when you will, you will take with you the good-will of every man in the *Garland*. Come what may, in this here business, we shall never forget how you have lived among us, whilst you staid on board. But we hope soon to obey your honor's order again; and mayhap you had better keep upon your own quarter-deck till time comes about, and the tide turns."

"No," replied I. "For some time I conceived it my duty to stand by the ship, at every hazard; but this has continued so long, that I rather look upon myself as skulking, than acting. I have your promise to allow of my going, and I now require the performance. — I think my duty calls me elsewhere, now. — I am bound not to speak to you on the present state of affairs, but let me hope, that in better times, you will endeavor to forget that the present times ever existed."

"God bless your honor," returned the man, "I also am bound not to patter upon these here concerns; but I may, at any rate, say, they are not so far to fetch, as two points to windward; and I'm sure none of us would wish to sail under a better officer than your honor."

"There again you are mistaken, my good man; — should peace and subordination again take place in the fleet, and I were to resume my command, I fear, that neither could I forget the situation in which myself and officers have been placed, nor could you, entirely, forget that you have had power over us. — We do not know ourselves, and it would be better for us all, that we never stand again in our former relative positions. — You will please to call a boat for me; and when I go over the side, it will be with the determination, on my part, never to enter her again as her commander. But you will have my best wishes, and my hopes, that when you return to your duties, you will never again swerve from the colors under which a Briton should fight, nor array yourselves against the man, who commands but for general and individual advantage."

Our conversation had not been so short, but it had given time to give circulation to the news, that "the Captain was going on shore;" and gradually they increased near the gang-way, in a sort of crowd. The spokesman

appeared affected ; and, in truth, so was I. — I took a turn or two along the deck, whilst a boat was procured, and my things were brought up from my cabin. In passing, I heard one of the seamen whisper to another —

“D——n my eyes, Jim, they say he was always a good fellow, and a seaman’s friend”. —

“Let’s give him a cheer, as he shoves off,” said the other, “he has been true as the compass, and never tried the come-over.”

“With all my heart, — pass the word, and d——n me but old Junks shall pipe the side, and he shall go over as our skipper should do ?”

Presently the shore boat came alongside ; my traps were put in, and the delegates brought my sword, which they presented to me, hat in hand. The boatswain piped the side, and instantly every man was uncovered. — My dignity was fairly upset at this spontaneous mark of respect ; — I breathed thick, and the tears stood in my eyes. As I reached the uppermost step of the gangway ladder, I turned round, and, taking off my hat, I said aloud :

“Farewell, men ; — I must not say what I would, but — remember you are *British seamen*, and are considered to be the bulwark of the nation, — never disgrace the nation that gave you birth, nor the service which is the noblest in the world.”

Three tremendous cheers followed hard upon my brief address, whilst I sunk into the stern-sheets of the boat, overcome by my feelings. Again I heard the boatswain’s pipe, which called in the sides-men, and I was on my way from my first command, briefly performed, and disastrously finished. As we proceeded towards the shore, I could not help remarking the extraordinary appearance of the vessels, at Spithead. It was more singular as viewed from the boat, than as I had seen it from the *Garland*. — Never did shipping exhibit so fine an appearance — the sides were all clean, the sails furled, after the neatest and most seaman-like fashion, — the yards all squared, by the lifts and braces, after the most *martinet* style, — the hammocks stowed with the closest precision, — every block put out of sight, as far as the rigging would admit of it ; — but the distinguishing feature of the scene, — the blood-red flag was spread out to the breeze, blighting the fair prospect which otherwise was enough to stir the blood in every seaman’s heart.

As soon as I had taken possession of quarters at the Crown Hotel, I went to report myself to the Admiral, and arrived at his house at the very time that the first Lord of the Admiralty, together with a commission appointed for the purpose, were in consultation there, upon this most important affair. My appearance was hailed both with satisfaction and surprise. I was introduced to the members of the commission, and a long string of queries immediately followed. I had little, however, to communicate, and that little was but corroborative of the well-laid plan of the *mutiny* — for this was now the name of the out-breaking. In all the fleet the same orderly, sober, honest, and respectful conduct had been observable ; it actually was a kind of moral miracle, that a class of men, whose principal characteristic was want of stability, and liability to temptation, should have been, not only able to make, but decided enough to persevere, in habits so foreign to those which were ordinarily theirs.

All these things argued feelings which had been sorely tried, and it was

now become evident to the government that something must be done. I was therefore next questioned as to my opinions with respect to the claims of the insurgents. Here I professed myself, and with truth, to be ignorant; for, although I could, from experience, guess the nature of the demands they could with most propriety make, yet I had never yet heard what they actually were; so closely had it been guarded from my knowledge whilst on board.

A printed copy was then handed to me; and if I was astonished at the conduct of these seamen afloat, I was abundantly more so, upon perusing the list of grievances which I now read for the first time.

After setting forth the hardships incidental to the service, which they were allowed to have at all times borne with spirit and patience, the paper pointed out, in strong terms, the additional hardships arising from bad provisions and water, bad supplies of slop-stores, bad medical and surgical attendance, and the bad mode of administering such of those things as were actually to be had. It complained of the very inadequate rate of pay for the service rendered, — of the liability to be absent for years, during which not one farthing was received on account; so that such of them as had families might be obliged to leave them in a starving state at home, and be themselves at the mercy of the purser on board, who generally took care to abstract all their poor earnings, to pay for articles hardly worthy of the purchase, and not unfrequently for such as they had never had at all. It remonstrated against the state of discipline in the service, in which men were liable to be punished at the caprice of ill-disposed superiors, and that besides the fate of war, they had to sustain themselves under the tyranny of ill-minded officers. They concluded with asserting their loyalty to their king and country, that they had taken this step with deliberation, and were determined to prosecute their wishes to an issue, but that they harbored not a thought of being false to their colors, or grinding upon the face of the laws under which they lived; and that even under the present distractions, if any thing required them to face the enemy, they would get up their anchors, and defend the institutions under which they lived; — but, that without an absolute necessity, they were determined never to lift or allow to be lifted, an anchor in that road-stead, until these, their fair demands, were inquired into, and their grievances redressed.

The more I considered this extraordinary document, and compared it with what I had seen, the more I was struck with the reasonableness of the demands, and the certainty that they had taken the most proper steps to insure the acquiescence of the government. Hostilities with the Dutch were continually expected. It was well known that the Admiral, De Winter, had a powerful force under his command, and that his nation was not to be despised on the seas. From the order and perseverance of the fleet at Spithead, it was to be dreaded that disorganization had spread over to other parts of the fleet, and there was no knowing how far exasperation might carry them. On the other hand there was the dread of a popular victory. The multitude are precisely the people who cannot say "hitherto will I go, and no farther;" on the contrary, a partial success intoxicates them too frequently; and that which begins in reason and justice, is often continued in the madness of success. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to negotiate with the delegates; and with a wisdom which the British

Government have not often shewn in popular questions,* they created a commission to take up the matter upon its merits, into which they were to search by every means in their power, and to make such concessions as should be found proper for the restoration of confidence on the part of the seamen, and as should be necessary for duly providing for the comfort and convenience of this useful and gallant body of men. They had made considerable progress in these deliberations when I came on shore, and had evinced a desire to put things upon a more equitable footing; yet until something specific was decided, the crews relaxed not the slightest of their self-imposed discipline, which, after all, might only end in their betrayal.

The commission, as I have said, took the matter up dispassionately, and with a sincere view to ameliorate the condition of a most important body of men, as well as to avert a calamity of an awful aspect. Their deliberations and examinations, therefore, were carried on with great industry, — concession after concession was made, and that the more readily, because they found, that, contrary to the usual course of popular tumults, it was not found that success made the delegates increase in their demands. The whole proceeding was conducted in moderation, good-sense, modesty, and firmness, to a final issue; when, the principal points of aggrivance being conceded, some inferior matter waived on the one side, and a few additional comforts voluntarily added on the other, the result was made public, and with one voice and motion, every man returned to his duty. Once again the British flag took the place of the dreadful *red*, and not a man was marked for punishment on account of the part he took in the affair.

The principal improvements which took place in the service through this *mutiny* — for so in strict legal phrase I must continue to term it — were the following. That the crews of vessels on *distant* foreign stations should have opportunity of being paid, through the medium of commissioners; thus enabling them to increase their private comforts, by purchases at favorable opportunities; — that seamen should have the privilege of allotting nearly the half of their personal pay to their parents, wives, or children, upon duly authenticated certificates that the persons in whose favor the allotments were made out, were *bona fide* the persons described, and in the case of the children, that they were unable to maintain themselves. I omitted before, in the list of grievances, to mention, that ships not unfrequently came into port, and went out again, and that repeatedly, without any payment being made to the crews, notwithstanding there was probably abundance both of time and opportunity to do so. It was now established that any ship coming into a port where there should be a commissioner, if she had been commissioned more than six months, or if it were more than six months since the last payment of wages, should be paid all arrears except six months; unless the exigencies of the service might require her immediate departure for sea again. The purser's department underwent a complete reform; the most rigid measures being enforced to prevent fraud on the part of that officer, against the uncalculating and credulous seaman. All his accounts had to come before his commander, and were to be transmitted to the navy office at stated short intervals if possible, or as soon

* It must be remembered that this was written above 25 years ago.—Ed.

afterwards as opportunities would permit. Vouchers were required from him for all he bought, sold, issued, or delivered. Upon representation in respectful terms to the commanding officer, on the subject of damaged provisions, all such were to be put aside for survey at proper opportunities, and with respect to such as were issued, they were to be under the supervision of the purser or his steward, a master's mate, captain of the fore-castle, quarter-master, and a boatswain's-mate; thus insuring justice, as to quantity and quality, to both sides of the question. Delinquents in petty offences were not to be kept long in irons, but punishment was to take place with all convenient speed, before all the ship's company, the articles of war being previously read, against which the offence was committed, the offence itself and its punishment to be entered in the log-book of every officer whose duty it was to keep one; — the vexatious custom of petty officers striking the people, in the insolence of office, was forbidden, or at least discouraged. The accommodation both in messing and sleeping was greatly improved; — greater attention was paid to the quality of water, and more indulgence as to its issue; the details as to the proportion and days of the different species of provisions, was regulated in a more satisfactory manner. In short a thousand small matters, each in itself perhaps almost insignificant, but the union of which, formed a most important whole in the comforts of these poor tars, were put upon a better footing, and a great and admirable change took place in the discipline and state of the British navy.

I have been thus particular, my dear H., upon the subject of the mutiny at Spithead, because, in my estimation, it was one of the most remarkable circumstances, that ever took place in the history of mankind. — From whom did it emanate? From a class of people notoriously ignorant, unsettled, careless, — a body whom we should ordinarily consider incapable of concocting a plot on a large scale, as altogether unable to define the exact limits of their wishes, and to keep strictly within them. Who would believe such persons competent to manage an extensive correspondence on such a subject; to arrange plans, — to preserve security, — to act in concert, — and, above all, to avoid excess, and abuse of power? Again, to be able to evince that their stand was not in rebellion, but in justice; that the love of their country, and loyalty to their sovereign, were sentiments, the existence of which in their bosoms, they were zealous to maintain; and that, contrary to the usual effects of storms, whether physical or moral, when their fair and honest point was gained, and they returned to their duty, there was no agitation, or swell, upon the surrounding surface, to give token that such a storm had ever existed in the place.

It is also worthy of remark, that the British ministry, upon this occasion, shewed greater wisdom and discrimination, than is usually ascribed to them in cases of broils and commotions. It is well known that concessions to multitudes, too hastily granted, are dangerous things; and hence the fault runs too frequently the other way; — a settled obstinacy against what they are pleased to call clamorous demands, is generally the conduct they adopt, and sometimes, with most disastrous effects. Of this, their conduct towards their late colonies, was a striking proof. Perhaps something of this kind might be in their recollection; and helped their judgment, which nevertheless must have been sufficiently awakened, in perceiving

the soul that animated the insurgents, and the unanimity with which they followed up their purpose.

Be this as it might,—that which was demanded in justice, was granted in equity, and I believe was one of the most salutary steps that ever was taken. The people of England were only just recovering from the baneful feelings by which they had been affected through the examples of anarchy in France, and a confidence in government was established by this *graceful* attention to the people's wants, which a thousand proclamations could not have produced, nor could a thousand punishments have aided.

It was a glorious sight, because a decorous one, to see the fleet riding at their moorings with the national flag restored. No noisy demonstrations of rejoicing, no firing of guns, nor decorations with flags and streamers, no manning of yards, nor deafening shouts as of victory. Commanders and officers went on board of their respective ships, and the utmost despatch was used in fitting, victualling, and storing for sea. The enemy was expected, and there was an universal feeling of desire openly manifested, to wipe off the stigma, if such it could be called, of having been found in collision with duty. Many changes were made in the commands, from the causes which I have stated as actuating my own determination. For my own part, after having received the thanks of the commission through the noble chairman, for the resolution which he was pleased to say I had shewn in remaining on board, under such hazardous circumstances, I was informed that my conduct should be properly represented, and would doubtless be duly considered. I had declined going on board the *Garland* again, and at this crisis there was not, as it happened, another vacancy. I therefore remained on shore, with a half assurance that I might expect the ordinary routine of service to be set aside in my favor, and that it was not improbable that I might shortly receive *post* rank, though it might not be accompanied with immediate command.

I made suitable acknowledgements for this compliment, in which I had the more reason to confide because it was made in too public a manner to fall to the ground. In fact my promotion was gazetted in less than a fortnight,—having been effected by an order in council; and I received, as is usual when no command is intended, an appointment to a frigate upon the stocks.

Would to heaven this were all that I had to recount under the head of naval mutiny at this period. Unfortunately much worse remains yet untold. The winds which had swept over Spithead without leaving either wreck or disease, seemed to have gathered noxious vapors as they sped on their course, and by the time they reached the Nore, they were surcharged with mischief, and danger. A mutiny broke out at this latter place replete with baneful character and effects.

It must be borne in mind that the feeling which had caused the affair at Spithead was a general one through the service; but it was confidently expected, that the prompt compliance with fair demands would have the effect of allaying the excitements in every direction, as soon as the intelligence should reach. In the present case it failed; there were unfortunate spirits of another description, and abilities of a different calibre among the mutineers at the Nore. Far from feeling satisfied with the late proceedings, and admitting that these wrongs had been righted, the ringleaders on

the present occasion considered that there had but been a victory obtained over their oppressors, and determined to pursue the fortunate career which had been commenced. They also chose delegates to conduct their affairs, and to procure compliance with their demands, which now assumed a most extravagant form. They chose for their president, one *Parker*, who was captain of the fore-castle in the *Sandwich*. This man was certainly above the ordinary class of seamen. He had received a good education, was of a stirring, factious, intriguing disposition, and had acquired an extraordinary influence, first in his own ship, and afterwards among the delegates; — in short he was a mere demagogue of the old leaven, who, under the plea of public good, was seeking, and that diligently, his own aggrandizement, or, at least, emolument.

It would be useless to detail the demands made by these madmen, — they were entirely out of reason or justice, but the steps taken to ensure compliance, were in keeping with the rest of their determinations. *Parker*, who assumed the title of admiral, ordered that no vessel of war should shift her ground without his permission, on pain of being fired into by the rest of the squadron; that all merchantmen bound up the Thames should be boarded, and whatever should be found therein necessary for the fleet was to be taken out, giving the master an acknowledgement for all that was taken; and the *British Government*, it was pretended, would ultimately make good the value. In conformity with this last order, the most licentious violence was committed on board of vessels; robbery on a large scale ensued, accompanied with insult, and not unfrequently injury in every form. Instances are on record of atrocities which I cannot suffer my pen to repeat but which so far from having the effect of bringing the ministry to submission, produced only a more vigorous resolution to withstand all demands made by those misguided men, and to bring them by force to subjection. In this the Government was confirmed by the unanimous voice of the nation, which, shocked by the daily account of the gross outrages committed by the mutineers, became anxious only for their reduction, and the punishment of the offenders.

One of the first proceedings on board the ships was to turn the officers ashore, which was done in the most insulting and opprobrious manner; the next was to take possession of their wines and stock, with which the delegates of the several ships made merry, passing from ship to ship in great state, and imitating, as well as they were able, the customs of their superiors; the latter, however, in great caricature, and always ending in excesses and abuses. *Parker* saw all this, and expected that from such tools a master-spirit like his might extract great advantages. He had not, however, experience with his enterprize. He was not aware that great talents will not suffice to make that right which is radically wrong, nor will private force always be enough, to overturn the institutions of a nation.

But this course of things could not last; it carried in itself, plainly, the seeds of destruction. The very conspirators began to grow at once disgusted and disheartened, at the protracted opposition, and at the little probability that was exhibited, of a better state of affairs. At length, one of the seventy-fours, in absolute defiance of the prohibition, slipped her cables, and stood out. The rest of the squadron blazed away at her, with

might and main, but without doing her any material damage; and they durst not get under way, to pursue her, as jealousy of the motive might cause a break up of the confederacy. At the same time, a strong squadron was coming up the channel, to force them to submission; and now perceiving that their attempt was utterly futile, each began to save himself by giving up his confederate.

With a well-timed policy, the government resolved not to punish the offending, to any very great extent. They contented themselves with making one or two signal examples. — *Admiral Parker* was given up and brought to trial; the proofs were strong against him, and there was little, if anything, to urge in palliation of his offences. He was sentenced to be hung at the yard-arm of the ship, to which he belonged — the *Sandwich*, — and his sentence was executed with every feature of solemnity. The fleet was brought into close order, at the Great Nore anchorage, with the *Sandwich* in the midst; the crews of each vessel were mustered on their several decks, a short time previous to the appointed awful moment; a certain number from each ship were sent on board the *Sandwich*, to man *the whip*, or rope, by which the unhappy criminal was to be suspended. On board the *Sandwich*, a platform was projected, at the bow of the ship, for the delinquent to have the last office performed for him, that, namely, of pinioning his arms, and drawing over his head the slip-noose, at the end of the whip; about two feet above which noose, was a *toggle*, or bit of wood, thrust through the strands of the line, to prevent the rope from running through the block under the yard-arm, any farther than the place where it was inserted. The several chaplains, in the fleet, read prayers for the departing sinner; the bells of the different ships tolled most lugubriously. At length, a gun was fired, immediately under the platform where the prisoner was standing. All was hid by the smoke, but when it cleared away, the unhappy wretch was seen suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle to his surviving comrades; and an awful warning to all, not lightly to array themselves against the laws of their land, nor, on *any* account, to violate those of society.

Many have been the unfortunate beings who have terminated their career at the yard-arm, to atone for their offences against the laws of their country, both before the time of *Parker*, and since; but it may safely be averred, that never was a more awful effect produced, than upon that occasion. The insolence of mutiny had subsided, and the consequences of such acts had already begun to work in the secret souls of the misguided men who now witnessed the scene; — but the sight itself, with the consciousness of their own errors, and the appalling feeling that they were called upon that day, all to see, and many of them to take part in the active duty of putting a comrade to a death which was their own desert, struck terror upon every heart.

This was the termination of the meeting at the Nore, and from thenceforth, there has been nothing of any important nature, to disturb the internal tranquillity of the navy. It has been daily receiving improvements and emendations, from that time to the present, and bids fair to stand as high in the economy of its comforts, as it has long stood in its character for prowess. If it can have a rival, it will be a scion of its own stock; — even that of your own country, my dear H., which is evidently destined to take

a high place among the commercial nations of the earth, and must, therefore, have its complement of *wooden walls*. I could not bear to think that we are ever to succumb to any naval superiority; but supposing such to be the case, I can fancy less degradation in being obliged to bend to free America, the descendants and pupils of ourselves, than to any other state in the world.

But to return, — and close this long passage with which I have pestered you. — The offending fleets had soon an opportunity of wiping off their shame. *Duncan* met *De Winter* off Camperdown, and the British flag was triumphant; a splendid victory was obtained over the Dutch fleet; — every Englishman “did his duty,” and no more was it remembered against him, that he had been a mutineer. His character was purified, his stains were washed out.

Some time afterwards, I received an appointment to command a Guardship, at the Nore, which I held for some years. I was again superseded; and after a short retirement, I commanded a frigate in the North seas. — Among my papers, are some curious incidents, relative to individuals who came under my notice, in the Guardo, and which may one day be yours. At present, I think you have had enough of me. — In 1810, I wrote to be superseded, on account of ill health; — it was done. I asked leave to pass over to America, which is almost my second home. — It was granted. — I hastened once more to your hospitable dwelling. — I once more felt the friendly pressure of your hand. — I experienced once more the cordial balm of friendship, and — enough, — enough, — my feelings cannot die, until my heart shall cease to beat.

A. D. P.

P. R.

 LOVE.

From a fragment of Sophocles.

MY DAUGHTERS, — Love is one, — yet not the same, —
 A thousand feelings in a single name!
 For Love is Hell! — Love, Heaven's immortal light! —
 Now mourning, — madness, — now unmixed delight!
 In him are all extremes — to soothe or slay,
 Gently to lull, or madly rend the clay!
 Whatever thing feels life within its breast,
 Feels love, — that life's inevitable guest.
 Him every fish that floats the azure main, —
 Him every brute, that grazes on the plain, —
 Him every bird that wings the intrenchant air, —
 Yea, men and gods confess him, — and despair!
 For who of mortals, who of gods above,
 Hath risen a victor from all powerful Love?
 If sooth it were — and sooth it is — to say —
 Jove's heart itself owns his tyrannic sway.
 Unarmed he conquers, and unweaponed rends
 All human law! — all heavenly counsel bends!

N

SHALL AND WILL.

His popular *shall* ———— "his *Shall*, —
 ———— my soul aches,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other."

SHAKESPEARE.

SINCE first that most ungracious of all words, to school-boy ears, *Grammar*, came into fashion, never has any thing in our language so perplexed our foreign friends, as the attempt to form a due distinction between the words *shall* and *will*. We, to whom these words are familiar, — to whom the sounds and the applications are of almost perpetual occurrence, — can hardly form a notion of the puzzle in which strangers find themselves immersed, when they endeavor to unravel the web of nice meaning which is wrapped up into intricate foldings and subtleties, by these two apparently insignificant monosyllables. Even we, who claim them as part of our vernacular, — poor urchins, — we have had our labors in learning to discriminate, in the due parsing of the indicative future; — we have made, too frequently, solecisms in grammar hereupon, for which, — unhappy wights! — the thunder of the preceptor's denunciations, or the rod, the emblem of parental *love*, has made our atonements heavy, and our repentance frequent — though not solid. — But what are these, — poor miseries of the moment, — compared with the dreadful sensation, felt by the foreigner, who is conscious that such a distinction exists; — who knows that a substitution of the one for the other, may cause him to give unintentional offence; or, what is still more, wound the self-love which pervades, more or less, in every bosom, by causing him to make himself ridiculous.

The oft-repeated anecdote of the half-drowned Frenchman is no fiction, as to the *description of mistake* so frequently perpetrated by the nations of Gallia, whatever it may be, as an individual anecdote; and however we may laugh with Joe Miller, at the absurd exclamation, "I *will* be drowned, nobody *shall* help me," good feeling will teach us to participate in the pang which a stranger experiences, when he is aware that he has uttered something ridiculous; but knowing not where it is, he can neither advance nor retreat, without the danger of increasing his shame.

Be it far from any lover of our language, notwithstanding, to revile these two inoffensive and useful expressions, on account of the *contres-temps* which they undesignedly occasion: — as well might we abuse the fowling-piece, because a person, ignorant of its use, has contrived to injure himself upon taking it up. On the contrary, it might be doing a service to those who yet know not properly how to handle them, and justice to the oft-abused auxiliaries themselves, if their capacities and uses were laid under the strong hand of philological law, and made so plain to the understanding, as — say most sapiently, all school books — that we may safely

avail ourselves of them to our advantage, and incur no wish of causing a blush, either upon our own cheeks, or on those of others.

It is a maxim among jurists, that where no positive *law* of possession or property exists, custom shall be considered as the law; and that where any particular practice has continued so long, "that the memory of man knoweth not to the contrary," as saith the erudite Blackstone, it hath all the force of legislative enactment. Taking this for granted, as indeed, it cannot be denied after the authority we have quoted, it seems to be not difficult to assign the right and title, and the degree of each, which certain persons, or rather certain classes of persons, have to the use and command of these two words. This point, then, it is now proposed to consider, as well as to suggest a few additional laws, upon cases that are, at present, unsettled; to the end, that there may no longer be feuds, heart-breakings, nor even misunderstandings, as to their right use and application in human colloquy.

In the first place, then, there appears the right of high antiquity, for the arbitrary use of *shall* and *will*, by elderly gentlemen of large fortunes, — particularly by those who have acquired those fortunes from small beginnings by their own sedulous and patient exertions. — And here it must be conceded, that the right alluded to, is well sustained, both in custom and equity: it may be easily perceived also, that it is one not likely to remain dormant for lack of assertion, its exercise being not only salutary, but agreeable to the agent. The right is founded upon the consideration, that whereas in their younger days, they were accustomed to hear those words uttered by others, who then had the *whip-hand*, while themselves had no choice between obedience and disgrace; and whereas the power to use the fulminatory *shall* and *will*, was considered to be so desirable as to inspire them at once with admiration and envy, — so therefore, when time, in "its ceaseless course," brought about the happy period that enabled and authorized them to dictate in the same terms, it was with no lack of emphasis, but rather with a tone as of increased authority, even as the snow-ball gathers as it rolls. Thus is this series of philological succession perpetuated, — exactly after the fashion which Dean Swift portrays, in his description of the legal bench, in which he tells of the happy possessor of that seat of honor; "that whereas he had formerly talked whilst others slept, he might now sleep while others talk."

It may be thought, by certain cavillers, that the right is not yet sufficiently established, as that which was founded in usurpation, cannot be made lawful by succession. This point has not been overlooked, — and, therefore, it has two supporters of less "questionable shape," one or both of which are in perpetual attendance: viz. Age and Experience. The possessors of this arbitrary right have seldom achieved great wealth without its concomitant, age, and never without an intimate acquaintance with experience. Now it is of universal admission, that age is honorable; civilized and barbarian admit that, and the dictum of age is almost one of the laws of nature herself. In the primitive ages of the world, before mankind became so corrupt as they are at this day, the patriarchal authority was absolute, — the respect due to old age was paramount to any other species of respect, and the opinions of the "Elders" were decisive. At present it is somewhat different, it must be confessed, — the green head sometimes

assumes an air of superiority over the white one; but upon the whole, the "frosty pow," has not yet quite succumbed to the "whining school-boy."—Age, however, is not always one of the accompaniments of acquired wealth,— "some," as Shakspeare almost says, "have *riches* thrust upon them." But the latter acquisition is never unaccompanied by experience; and when experience speaks, surely folly must be silent.

But the latter is always modest, and that is incompatible with the arbitrary right which is now advanced,—and old age is only petulant and garrulous, when judgment is loosening her hold. How then shall these two be sufficient supporters of the right now asserted?—Alas! ye probe too deeply,—but ye must be answered. Be it known then, that riches, age, and experience, produce a formidable auxiliary—*Power*; and the latter brings with him an assistant hard to be withstood—*Obstinacy*.—Now put this array together, and say, what can withstand the combined effect.—Must not *shall* and *will*, in all their modifications, whether of sound or sense, be obedient to the call of riches, age, experience, power, and obstinacy, all combined in the same person,—speaking by the same impulse,—working towards the same end?

The next right that is asserted, at least in practice, is one of quite as high antiquity as the foregoing; and as it "breaks Priscian's head," at every exercise, it must, doubtless, have arisen originally, from the assumption of a privilege connected with certain immunities, which have now become both obsolete and lost. The case here alluded to, is that of a nation undoubtedly producing the finest gentlemen in the world, in the best sense of the expression,—the Emerald Isle, whose natives appear to possess the right of substituting *will* for *shall* at their pleasure. It should seem that the latter word has been, at some former period, a "rock of offence," for no sooner was the right obtained, than they appear, one and all, to eject it from the vocabulary altogether. "Where *will* I get it?—How *will* I find it?—*Will* I be able to reach Philadelphia to-night?" The origin of this privilege is lost, nor is there the least clue by which the curious can thread their way up to a probable cause. And this, as in the origin of ancient nations, renders it the more illustrious; for as in the latter case, where humanity could go no further, genealogists were obliged either to confess the impotence of their researches, or take shelter among the gods for a beginning; so in the affair upon consideration,—when conjecture has been strained to its utmost extent, the conclusion must either be a radical absurdity, or a mystery in literature known only to the initiated.

The radical absurdity, however, must be abandoned, for a very evident reason. In the written language of the scholars of Ireland, they are not to be surpassed,—hardly equalled,—either in the force, vigor, and elegance of their styles, or in the strictly correct construction of their sentences. The modern Athens sets up great pretensions in respect to these qualities; and, in truth, not without good reason; but they have never been able to throw that degree of feeling into their writings, of their warm-hearted competitors for fame in the sister isle. This being the case, then, no resource is left but that the peculiarity is a *right*, and not a *defect*; for the antagonist of this principle shall take no shelter under the plea of its being the custom of the uneducated only;—the reverse is the fact. From the Duke of Leinster, to the poorest bog-trotter, the peculiarity is the same as regards *spoken*

language, although the man of education, who utters it without hesitation, would blush to be betrayed into it with his pen.

There is a third law, the origin of which, like that of the former two, seems to be lost in the obscurity of the early days. It is with respect to the person of the *shall* and *will*, in the conversation between the sexes. As in the principle of the law itself, so also in its chief particular, we know nothing more than that there appears to be a tacit convention between the parties, — that the lady shall use the word *shall* in the second person, and *will* in the first, before marriage; and the gentleman afterwards. This, at first sight, may seem an unequal, and, in fact, an unfair distribution of the privilege. But we should not come to hasty conclusions upon a knotty point. — Perhaps the most proper way will be to endeavor to reconcile apparent contradictions, in matters which continue from generation to generation the same, notwithstanding the “march of intellect,” which it is said uproots all incongruities, and establishes things on their proper basis. It may then, with some reason, be urged, that the suavity of manners which the lords of creation feel bound to observe towards the ladies, will tend greatly to mitigate the rigor with which they might and could, otherwise, wield the *shall* and *will* according to their prerogatives; and this, notwithstanding the invidious inuendoes respecting the arbitrary wills of husbands, and the harsh and cruel conduct of some of them; — for these are taken to be but the exceptions from the rule, and, in fact, prove but the more strongly the rule itself.

This is the age of cavils, however, and there may possibly be some in the world, who think that the female portion of society have hardly fair play, since their dominion over these words can, at most, be but for a very few years; whilst that of the males may extend to a very protracted length, — even to half a century or more. This is a powerful argument, and there is but one way of rebutting it, so as to hold fast the integrity of the law itself; namely, that the ladies, aware of the brief term which is theirs, “to have and to hold, to use and to exercise,” do so administer their authority, that it is thought the life of a Methuselah in the possession of arbitrary powers, could not more than balance the rigor and activity with which it was wielded by the possessor of the shorter term.

These appear to be the only established laws on the use of these words, that the curious have been able to discover; and it is much to be regretted, particularly in such cases as that of the Frenchman before-mentioned, that there has never been an additional clause suggested, beginning with the usual PROVIDED ALWAYS, so as to save the feelings of those whom it is our duty to treat with delicacy. There is as also a much disputed point between parents and children with respect to these words, particularly when the latter arrive towards years of maturity; and still more particularly when the privilege is asserted in an affair of the heart. In the latter case, it would tend materially to sweeten the general intercourse in families, if some of those possessors of the first right that has here been considered, would turn over a portion of their privilege, under proper restrictions, to their matured offspring; in like manner that a permission is granted by the holder of a patent to certain individuals to make use of his plans and inventions, “for certain considerations thereunto moving” him.

It is the extreme closeness with which these patent rights are exercised,

that causes so many attempts to be made, to overrule or to evade them. A too great jealousy, whether in authority, love, or invention, is sure to give rise to something calculated to turn the imaginary to a real cause, and not unfrequently when schemes turn out futile, direct opposition ensues, and the over-strict assertor of rights is bearded to his face. It is particularly thus in families; — the “*shall*, the popular *shall*,” by being too oft repeated, becomes first odious, and then contemptible; parents are first obeyed with reluctance, and then, disobeyed altogether; the charter is sometimes forcibly seized by the younger hands, and the astonished father sees his own prerogative, used with merciless rigor upon his own head, merely because he has held a power which he knew not how to exercise. This, however, is a rebellion against which every well-constituted mind revolts, and seldom redounds either to the rebel’s honor or advantage; — it is here urged as one of the consequences of misrule, on the one hand, not as a vindication of perverseness on the other.

Mr. Capel was a *millionaire*; he began the world as a clerk in a dry goods store in Maiden Lane; and in the course of many years, had accumulated a large fortune. He had two daughters; Eliza, a tall black-eyed girl, of great spirits, which had never been checked by her indulgent parents; and Jane, a mild sweet tempered girl, rather delicate in health, but amiable and obliging in her disposition.

Old Capel was one of those who laid claim to the arbitrary privilege; and, in truth, it was seldom disputed, except in the very place where he expected it to be most absolute, — his own parlor. Miss Eliza was the eldest; she had been spoiled in her infancy by indulgence, and it had been found impossible to supersede the authority she assumed, and throw her back into her place in her generation. Miss Eliza, in short, was mistress of the house, in all but the name; and poor old Capel found out, by the time that his daughters were grown up to be young women, that he had but half the prerogative for which he had wrought so hard, and battled so stoutly. In fact, *shall* and *will* had but a bad time in the family, — not knowing to whom they rightly belonged.

To give an instance or two; — “Eliza, my dear, you *will* not go to the opera to-night; it will increase your cold.” “Indeed, but I *shall*, papa; why, you know I promised to go with Mrs. Quaver, and Miss Minim.” “Oh! well; I did.n’t think of that. — Jane, you *shall* stay with me; for I *shall* not go out this evening.” “Very well, papa, I *will* do that with pleasure; in short, I have no wish to go.” Again, — but be it observed that his younger daughter was fast taking hold on his heart, from whence the elder was losing ground, — “Jane, I *will* take you to-morrow to see those curiosities which have been brought home by the Roanake from Madras.” “Thank you, dear papa; I *shall* be very happy to accompany you.” “Curiosities!” exclaimed Eliza, “I will go with you; — well, I’m sure, papa, I wonder you did not include me, knowing how I love curiosities.”

These instances may suffice to show how terms may change hands, or rather mouths, even from age to youth, and may show how the injudicious application may alienate kind feelings, in as great a proportion as it wounds self-love.

Both these girls had suitors. Eliza, as often as her father put the question, “*Will* you accept this young man, replied in the spirit of a perverse

and saucy beauty, "I shall not have any thing to say to him," whilst Jane to his remark, "I shall expect you to treat him as the son of my old friend," replied, "I will endeavor to do all you wish." In neither case did Mr. Capel attempt to force the inclinations of his daughters, but when his younger daughter at length gave her affections to a worthy man, her father said once more, "Jane, you *shall* be married next week," she replied with a smile and a blush, "I *will*, sir, if you and George have so settled it."

Eliza did not bring her matters to a happy conclusion. She refused so many, that lovers became shy; she continued a spinster for several years, without an offer. At length an unhappy wight, who was unconscious of the boldness of his attempt, offered his hand; she would in all probability have accepted it, but unfortunately her father was in the room; in the anxiety to see her settled in the world, he applied the unlucky question, "Now, my dear Eliza, *will* you have him?" when she replied in all the bitterness of opposition and spite, "No, sir, I *shall* not admit of his addresses for an hour; nor *will* I have my life made miserable by any choice but my own."

"Wayward, perverse girl!" exclaimed old Capel, the same evening, "*shall* and *will* have made you irksome to every body; may they be your own consolation."

He left her a moderate annuity, and bequeathed the bulk of his property to his dutiful daughter Jane and her children. J.

THE EXILE.

CHAP. XIII.

Oh! what is sweeter than the soul's repose,
As free from care, all burthen off she throws,
When home returned, our toilsome wanderings past,
We press our own, our longed-for bed at last. *Catullus, xxix.*

A YEAR had barely completed its circuit from the day when Lindley Harlande had set forth on his lonely pilgrimage an outcast from his home and country, when, on a gloomy December's evening, a small but social party was collected around the very hearth which he had so often rejoiced by his enlivening presence. The lamps were not yet lighted, but a brilliant fire shed that mellow illumination upon surrounding objects, which, for a while, is more agreeable than candle-light; such at least must have been the opinion of the little group, still engaged in animated conversation, although their morning dresses but ill accorded to the bell, which was giving out its unregarded notes of preparation for—that to many persons most important ceremony of the day—the dinner table. It would appear that the seniors of the party had already dispersed to their respective *toilettes*, as the only occupants of the old-fashioned drawing-room were a young man in the gay costume of the morning's chase, and two beautiful girls, evidently on terms of the most familiar friendship. The ladies were

both attired in deep mourning, although it did not appear from their manners, or their countenances, that their losses had been very recent, or, if recent, of a nature more than commonly painful, since their part in the conversation was sustained with interest and spirit if not with gaiety.

"And will you not tell me, Miss Harlande" — said De Lancy, for he it was, who — although previously almost a stranger — had, since his spirited defence of Harlande, by the covert-side, become an habitual *ami du maison* — "and will you not tell me, in what part of the world your brother is now wandering. Surely, surely you might trust to *my* discretion, to *my* honor! — I have never ceased to reproach myself since his departure, that we were not better friends while it was in my power that we should have been so, and I would give any thing now to be enabled to write to him, and assure him of my increased, or I believe I might say, newly-born regard for him. Will you not trust me?"

"You should not put it in such a light" — answered Julia, blushing at the vehemence of his manner, and endeavoring to turn it off as a joke — "as if it depended on my will alone to grant the boon of such a *preux chevalier*; you know that I have told you a thousand times, that I promised Lindley to keep his secret from all the world, and why, I pray you, are you to be an exception?"

"Oh! Lady Alice" — cried he turning to her companion — "will not you speak a word in my favor? — The truth is this — I am convinced that, if I could communicate with Lindley, I could suggest a plan by which he could escape from the machinations of that rascal Mertoun — and here day after day, I am vainly imploring this immovable sister of his, to break a promise, the keeping of which can answer no earthly purpose! — Upon my word it almost makes me think you do not wish to recall him from his banishment!"

"Oh! Mr. De Lancy, what a speech!" cried Alice Mortimer, affected almost as much as the devoted sister, by the name of him, whose image was enshrined within her heart of hearts; from whence not all the persecutions of a calculating parent, nor all the temptations of a fascinating world, had succeeded in banishing that loved impression. "After that, I cannot say a single word in your defence, or even in palliation of your cruelty, — besides which" — she exclaimed, as if recollecting herself, but in truth with an effort to conceal her interest in Harlande from the observation of De Lancy — "if we stay any longer talking nonsense here, we shall lose our dinners, and get scolded into the bargain. Come Julia — we have scarcely ten minutes to spare before the last bell!" — and without waiting for an answer she vanished from the room.

"Forgive me, dear Miss Harlande," he said, catching her tiny hand in the excitement of the moment, "Forgive me! If my anxiety for your brother's return caused me to speak unkindly, you will not attribute my unfeeling words to unkind motives, but for his sake pardon me."

"Poor, poor Lindley," sobbed Julia, quite overcome by his preceding speech, and unable to collect her faculties, "I would to God that any sacrifice on my part could indeed restore him to us. Forgive you," she whispered in a softer voice, as his entreaties at length riveted her attention, "I never thought that you were in earnest; no, not for an instant! how could I — hark! what noise is that?" — and she started from his hold,

pausing in breathless eagerness to catch a repetition of the distant sound. "Did I not hear a horseman's tread upon the gravel?" For a moment he listened, but the heavy moaning of the night-wind swept the sounds, if sounds there were, away, and his lips were already parted to answer in the negative; when, as the gale lulled for an instant, the thick trampling of a horse was clearly audible. "What can it be?" she whispered, too much agitated to trust herself to speak aloud — "no one is expected here tonight! I am very, *very* foolish," she continued, sinking upon a sofa, "but I feel as if it might be Lindley — no! no! it is impossible — Papa's letter, to inform him how poor Charles had died at Naples, could not have reached him yet; nor would even that intelligence have freed him from his obligations." As she spoke, the tramp rang nearer and nearer on the gravelled path. It was undoubtedly a horse approaching the hall, and at no ordinary pace. The small pebbles dashed from his feet, rattled against the shutters as he passed — with a jerk that must have thrown him on his haunches, he was checked at the hall door — the rider leaped to the ground, and, without pausing to ring, shook the latch with an eager and familiar grasp; another second, — and Lindley was in the embrace of his beloved sister.

For many moments, so utterly were they absorbed in happiness more pure and more complete than often falls to the lot of mortals, that the bustle and confusion which succeeded his arrival, were no more noticed than if they had stood alone, far from the gazing sympathy of men. Ere long, however, his father rushed into the drawing-room, and clasping in his aged arms, that son whom he had never hoped to see again on this side heaven, lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Scenes such as this are not to be described. There are bursts of feeling so intensely powerful as to sweep away every restraint of pride or reason; but words may not be found whereby to convey the most remote idea; and, as the painter, who was fain to wrap the features of the miserable parent in his mantle, conscious of his own inability to portray the agonies of a father compelled to sacrifice a child, so should the novelist be content to draw a veil before the passing of events which fancy may conceive, but which language lacks the power to express. Hours passed away like minutes! All the formalities of etiquette were forgotten; nor was it remembered, in the privacy of their retirement, that there were such persons in existence, — much more, beneath the same roof — as Alice Mortimer, or Henry De Lancy. In his mother's chamber, with his aged parents hanging on his neck, and Julia gazing with a heart too full for words, into her brother's face, did Harlande sit, relating every minute particular which had led to his release from all engagements, till, recalled at a late hour by the summons of a servant to their consciousness of sublunary things, they at length descended to rejoin their anxious guests. It may seem in no small degree singular, that during that protracted conversation, in which every topic of interest, that had occurred since his departure, had been well nigh exhausted, — not a word had passed the lips of father, mother, or sister, concerning Alice Mortimer. Often, while they had dwelt on some comparatively trivial circumstances, while they had related to him the melancholy yet scarcely regretted death of his misguided brother, had he felt the question trembling on his lips, and as often had he repressed it, from a sad foreboding that in that quarter there could be no hope for him. What was the motive for their silence, they perhaps could

hardly have explained themselves. It might have been a secret sense of jealousy, unconfessed, perhaps, to their own hearts, but not on that account less active in its agency ! It might have been a wish to witness the expansion of his soul, on meeting her, whom they well knew to be the idol of his tenderest fancies ; coupled, perhaps, with a hope that the suddenness of the encounter might do more to obliterate any sense of past neglect, than hours of previous preparation ! It might have been genuine forgetfulness of all beyond the immediate pale of their own sensibilities, that held them silent on a subject, which, above all others, would have filled the heart of Lindley with joy too deep for utterance. Certain it is that when, on entering the well-remembered library, the first form which met his eye was that of Alice Mortimer, his tongue literally clove to his palate with surprise and agitation. The deep flush which pervaded brow, neck, and bosom, as at length he mustered resolution to address her, did not, it is true, betoken absolute indifference ; yet it might arise no less from agitation at this unexpected meeting with a person whom she had slighted, than from a warmer feeling. But when a pinch from Julia, as he commenced an inquiry after the health of Lady Mortimer, coupled with the mourning dress of Alice, told him that the prejudicial influence of that hard-hearted mother would no longer steel the daughter's heart against him, he felt his pulse throb with a livelier motion than he had experienced since the receipt of that soul-rending letter ; and ere the evening had waned into night his spirits had risen to a pitch which he would have been himself the last to anticipate a few short hours before.

During his prosperous voyage across the Atlantic, and yet more strongly during his hurried ride from the sea-port to his paternal home, had he determined that this should be his last visit to that home, if he should there receive the tidings which, he doubted not, were to poison the fountain of his earthly happiness. He had resolved that he would see her once again, — see her, not to sue for her affections, which she had so faithlessly withdrawn from him, — not to flatter her vanity by useless supplication, or manifest despair, but to meet her coldness with disdain ; to show her that how tenderly soever he might have loved her once, that love had yielded to conviction of her perfidy. He had vowed to his own soul, that neither look, nor word, nor sign, should reveal to her the passion which, — for he pretended not to conceal from himself the truth, — was devouring his existence. He would have staked his life, that another month would have beheld him wielding a voluntary sword beneath the banners of Braganza, and seeking a release by honorable death from that most fatal passion which he possessed neither the hope to cherish, nor the strength of mind to conquer. Yet scarcely had he been one hour in her society, before he felt that all his doubts had been but the chimera of a self-tormenting fancy, that all his suspicions had been disgraceful to himself alone ; that she whom he had believed inconstant and untrue, had never swerved in her affections ; but, having sacrificed her only expectations of earthly happiness to filial duty, and finding herself released from all restraint save of her own inclinations, would now be ready, if he might judge from the averted eye, the hesitating phrase, the varying color, and the voice now even softer than its forgotten cadences of old, — to yield her hand to him, to whose keeping she had long before surrendered her affections. Still, all this was but conjecture ;

and never did minutes seem more tedious, than those which he was now compelled to pass, ere he might have an opportunity of learning from the lips of Alice herself, whether he was to deem himself hereafter a despairing outcast, or a being elevated to the very zenith of human happiness. Alas! for the fickleness of human wishes! A few short hours before, he had anticipated the most unutterable pleasure from the converse of his parents and his adored sister; — to be once more at home; — to tread the well-remembered floor; — to mark the countenances of all brightening with joy at his unexpected presence; — to receive a father's blessing, and a mother's fond embrace; — to sink, as he had been wont of yore to do, into the arms of sleep on his own bed; — these things alone he then had almost deemed too much of joy to fall to the lot of one, who had so long been fortune's laughing-stock.

Now, though he sat at the hospitable board for which he had so deeply thirsted, though he beheld his sister's eye following each motion of his features, with all the earnestness of deep affection, though all that he had scarcely dared to hope for was around him, he felt that there was yet a something wanting. His thoughts wandered, and there were moments when he could not without difficulty lend an attentive ear 'o those who must at such a time, have felt the least neglect as a token of diminished love. The routine of dinner was at length complete; the ladies withdrew, and ere long Harlande was at liberty to seek an explanation of those points, which hung so heavily upon his heart. In a secluded angle of the library, the remainder of the evening passed like a dream, alike to Alice and to Lindley Harlande. There were no whispering scandal-mongers near, to note each turn of the eye, or to lie in wait for an unguarded speech, and perchance, mar a life's felicity by a single bitter sneer. The happy parents sat apart, seemingly regardless of what passed around, although in truth the constrained air of Alice had long since yielded to that soft timidity of manner, which ever betokens the vicinity of warmer feelings; nor could a blinder eye than that of an anxious and interested mother, have failed to note the deepened blush, the faltering whisper, and above all, the tear which trembled in her large blue eye, as she inclined her ear to that tale, — so seldom told in vain, — of sorrows undergone, of sleepless nights, and hopeless days endured, but in the hope of a more brilliant future. Nor while her brother was engaged in his protracted *tete-a-tete*, was Julia less agreeably employed, if it be fair to judge, from appearances alone, of affairs relating to the heart. In a girl of her affectionate, and at the same time enthusiastic turn of mind, the very generosity which had prompted Henry DeLancy to stand forward as the champion of a man for whom he felt no friendship, would have created a strong interest at least, had that man been a stranger! but when the object of that bold defence was a beloved and injured brother, a feeling warmer far than admiration was kindled in her bosom. — She was grateful. Nor, with a frankness that formed a part of her enchanting nature, had she struggled to conceal that gratitude from him by whom it was awakened.

After the sad departure of Lindley, visitors had been but rarely admitted to the hall; their spirits had not recovered their elasticity after the tremendous blow, which had so suddenly, and, as it seemed, irreparably, dashed down their cup of joy. Not, however, in the light of a stranger had

De Lancy been received, but rather as a near and valued kinsman ! When the heart is yet bleeding for the loss of one, beloved perhaps more tenderly than it is wise to love aught earthly, the least token of sympathy with our sorrows becomes a pledge of friendship, — the slightest word of praise lavished on him, that is afar off, is at once a passport to our affections. And so it was with Julia ! — De Lancy with the impetuous generosity which was veiled from common observation beneath the mask of worldly *non-chalance*, had learned to esteem Harlande, from the simple fact of having undertaken his defence. In arguing for the conviction of others, he was himself convinced, and then, when he found himself admitted as a highly prized friend into the circle of a family yet weighed down by their afflictions, he naturally, we had almost said insensibly, became aware of his attachment to the sister. No one who had beheld these two groups on that eventful evening, could have doubted what must ere long be the result. The attachment of all parties was so evident, that the least observant must have discovered, at a glance, what they believed to be most secret ; while, at the same time, there was a chastened purity in the expression of their feelings, that argued so brilliantly for their future happiness, that it would have been worse than misanthropical not to rejoice at the prospects opening to their delighted eyes.

Love, which is born of mirth, which has never seen aught but sunny days, never has been tried by absence, time, temptation, may, it is true, prove constant, — but that affection which is the child of sorrow, which has passed through the seven-times heated furnace of adversity, may defy all change, itself unchangeable. And so it was with these. Restored by the death of his misguided brother to his country, with advantages which he never before had dreamed of acquiring, — in secure possession of untarnished honor, increased, if possible, by his dauntless bearing, and dignified exertions in the evil days, that for a time had overshadowed him ; surrounded by an adoring family, and above all things, blessed in the choice of his first and only love, Harlande shone forth on all occasions, in that most amiable position which a man can occupy, — that of a domestic being. In after years his country needed his assistance, in the highest of its councils ; and there, no less than in his private capacity, he often felt that he had cause for gratitude to Him that is over all things, even in that affliction, which had seemed so bitter, when he was toiling as a hopeless exile in another hemisphere ; nor did he ever live to feel a doubt, but that those days of unforgetten trial had in the end contributed to render him not a wiser only, and a better, but a **HAPPIER MAN.**

W.

LORENZO D'ALBANO.

A Tale of the SICILIAN Vespers.

Rosse. Alas poor country;
 Almost afraid to know itself! * * *
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
 Are made, not marked.
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; — let grief
 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

SHAKESPEARE.

DURING the space of seventeen years had the devoted kingdom of the two Sicilies been ground under the pressure of a foreign yoke. Charles of Anjou, than whom none was more crafty, more ambitious, more sanguinary, or more rapacious, had held dominion by the power of his arms, from the time of his victory over the brave Manfred, who had dauntlessly and steadily opposed the destruction of the Ghibelines, and had frequently drawn his sword for the cause of independence, and as the supporter of the oppressed. In calling upon such a man as Count Charles, the Guelphs, with the Roman pontiffs at their head, knew well that a dreadful scourge was preparing against a king and people, who durst array themselves against a powerful, successful and insolent faction, whose ambition knew not any bounds, and whose hatred extended even beyond the grave. — And well had he fulfilled their expectation. By every species of extortion, he had endeavored to impoverish the nobility, who had taken part with their monarch; he had carried his rapacity through the lands, and not contented with exacting their wealth, he and his licentious soldiers, had openly insulted their persons; the latter frequently committing outrages at which humanity shudders, with a daring recklessness which, though it could not be directly avenged, festered upon the heart, and prepared the Sicilians for a heavy day of reckoning.

It was on a charming evening in the month of March, that two young persons were conversing on the balcony of a beautiful villa, about two miles without the city of Palermo. One was a female of lovely countenance and elegant proportions, who sat half reclined upon a couch, or *day-bed*, placed there for the advantage of admirers of the lovely scenery by which the place was surrounded. Her cheek rested upon her small white hand, and her expressive eyes were cast down, while a melancholy smile half dimpled her cheek of down. The other was a young man, tall and commanding in his appearance, — his hair short, black and curly, — his complexion a bright olive, relieved by a pair of *incipient* mustachios. They were evidently of the higher class of Sicilians; and from the anxious manner in which the latter leaned over the couch of the former, it was equally evident that their conversation was upon a very interesting topic.

"Dearest Laura," said the youth, "believe me, that I love you but the more dearly, if that can be possible, for the filial solicitude you evince towards your father. But why, — why dear Laura, should you be separated

from him at all? Why cannot we be as one family? You dread the rapacity of these French wolves. — Can you not perceive that your venerable father will be better protected when you are mine, than as you are, apart from me? Oh, Laura! Do I ever tear myself away from you, without the oppressive feeling that ere we meet again, these monsters of avarice and blood, may have outraged the good old man's dwelling in search of that wealth, which I would to heaven, could make each of them another Cræsus."

"Hush! for heaven's sake," — exclaimed Laura, "you know not how you alarm me. The wretches beset our houses and our walks. — They are ever near, and even a loud tone may furnish another pretext for additional injury. — No, Lorenzo, I must not be yours till better times. My father's property is known to these fierce robbers; to put it under your charge would be but setting them at defiance, and by raising at once their cupidity, and their rage, I might have to mourn over the distresses of both father and — husband."

Her voice faltered as she uttered the last words; but they caught the ear of the lover, who eagerly took up the sound; —

"Husband! — Oh, that you would entitle me to the term! And if you would save us all, dearest Laura, you must do so. Trust me, I know these ruffians better than you do. — They are cowards at heart, as all villains must be; and under my protection, they will not, I think, dare rashly any deed of violence. But let them beware," he added with a keen expression of revenge, "heaven will not suffer this gross wrong upon a nation, but for a season, — the day of retribution must come, and" —

"Oh! Lorenzo! Be calm, I entreat you, — think of the spies that surround us."

"I do think of them," exclaimed he passionately, "and as I do so, and look at you, Laura, — and the remembrance of their miscreant deeds comes over me — by heavens, it is enough to drive me distracted. I will no longer defer to urge your father. — I know you love me, my gentle girl, — and believe me, I know also how I best can serve you, at a crisis which is approaching with fearful but glorious steps."

Affrighted by the hints which he had more than once thrown out, that some desperate project was on foot; — trembling for his safety more than for the consequences in which mischances might involve her, — she eagerly enquired his meaning. At first he essayed to turn it off as idle and aimless; but after he had won her consent to link her fortunes to the master of her heart, and the chosen of her beloved parent, he informed her in low tones, that a deep-laid plot was laid throughout the two kingdoms, in which also Spain and the Eastern empire would actively assist, for rooting out the French powers completely, and giving the Sicilians an independent sovereignty.

"Every noble heart beats high for freedom, dearest Laura, from the beggar in his ditch, to the noble in his palace, — all have been spurned by these dogs of France, and shame sit on the sword of him, who shall be slack when the day of vengeance shall come! But that I, among the rest, may do my *devoir* in the good cause, let my arm be strongly nerved by the thought that I fight for my wife and parent, and that come weal, come woe, I have placed them in security from the nobles. — Yes, dearest, — that

hero of our days, — that wonderful, all-acting, all-prevailing man, John of Procida, has negociated for us, — has plotted with us, — has moved all, — prepared all, — *been all*, in short, that such a cause demanded; and has placed our design upon such a footing, by his own personal exertions, that every man knows his duty. The movement will be simultaneous; — Sicily will be free, and once again, dearest Laura, we shall breathe the air of heaven untainted by the oppressor's presence."

He pressed her to his bosom, all glowing as he was with love and patriotism. She felt that a holy excitement was upon him, and as she stole a furtive glance at his noble and animated features, a smile and a sigh escaped her at the same time. The former was in admiration and satisfaction that such a heart was hers, and that such a protector remained to her beloved parent; and the sigh was from the momentary dread that even the sacred character of his cause might not save him from individual perils. But religion came to her aid. She had been early taught by the venerable man who remained to her, as well as by her sainted mother, now no more, that "heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and that an implicit trust in Him, "in whose hands are the issues of life and death," is both a duty and a comfort.

In comfort then she retired, as did Lorenzo, in happiness. He trod the air. He fled to Vincentio de Torano, — poured out the transports of his soul, — received a confirmation from the good old man, that his daughter should be the bond of still closer union between them, — and returned to his own Casino to make preparations for his nuptials, and to arrange for the ample security of the sacred trust, which was upon the eve of being consigned to his care at a crisis of fearful jeopardy.

It was on the 30th of March, 1832, and the vigil of the Pascal feast, that there was an universal stir in the Casino d'Albano. The servants, with joyful looks, were in busy preparation for a fete more splendid than usual. Though Sicilians, and therefore devout Catholics, it was evident that not merely the return of Easter caused these extraordinary movements and demonstrations of joy. Every thing was putting on its fairest and gayest appearance; all *within* the Casino was decorated without regard to expense, and apparently without fear of the hated French soldiery that still infested the land; and *without*, the lawn and the walks were adorned with garlands and festoons of the most odoriferous flowers. The tables groaned with the loads of refreshments prepared for expected guests, and open-handed liberality was about to cheer the hearts of the poor, upon this festive occasion, as well as the rich. The menials were in rich liveries, — they moved with heads erect, and hearts elate; — for the nuptials of a master whom they loved were about to be solemnized, and in the consciousness of the happiness which awaited him, they found their own.

Their master meanwhile, after giving orders which he was well assured would be obeyed with alacrity, and in no respect below his wishes, had sped on the wings of love to the Villa di Morano, where he found the bride of his choice, attended by a large assembly of beautiful females, who had been invited there agreeably to the custom of the times, to accompany the happy pair to their espousals, — by which is here to be understood, only the plighting of the mutual troth; it being then, as now, deemed indecorous to bestow the benediction during the season of Lent. An equal number of cavaliers had been invited by Lorenzo, and they were now fast flocking to

to the house, where, amidst mirth and feasting, they awaited the signal for the procession to move. The ceremony was to be performed in the great church of Palermo; and as the parties were allowed severally to be the bravest, and the most beautiful, that Sicily could boast, great was the bustle to be spectators of the scene, and to add increased blessings on the youthful pair.

The happy Lorenzo, in the meantime, escaped from the joyous party, to enjoy few moments of retired bliss in the conversation of his Laura. He found her gaily decked, indeed, as for a bridal; but she was pale, and the tear stood trembling under her eye-lid. Hastily he seized her hand, and in the tenderest accents, inquired the cause of her perturbation.

"Alas! Lorenzo," she replied with downcast eyes, "my heart has a sad foreboding, — though I know not why, — that danger and trouble are near us; — nay, do not be impatient," added she, looking up, on feeling a slight convulsive grasp of the hand, which he still retained in his; — "do not give way to any violent emotions, — it is not for these nuptials that I dread, — Heaven knows that my heart is yours, and that I know your worth, as well as your affection for me. — But, oh, Lorenzo! those dreadful foreigners, — their insolence knows no bounds; they respect neither age nor sex, — rank, except among their own parts, is no restraint, nor is held in any estimation by them. — I wish — oh, I wish" —

"What? — Name your wishes, dearest Laura, — let them but be such as consist with my love, my honor, and what is due to us all, as Sicilian nobles, — and they shall be as a law."

"No," replied the damsel, "you have adjured me in terms that compel me to forego the half-formed desire. You are right, and mine was but a craven heart, that could harbor a wish injurious to the character of a free-born Sicilian. — It shall remain unuttered."

"Nay, but speak, dear Laura, even if impossible, it springs from a tenderness which will only endear you more and more to me; — say" —

"It is impossible, I feel it is, and now the desire is gone — utterly. I had almost wished, dear Lorenzo, that these espousals might have taken place in quiet privacy. But the daughter of Vincentio di Torano, and the friend of Proedo, must not shrink from the customs of their country, in so important a matter, from the fear of attracting the notice of marauding foreigners. It would depress the noble cause in which you are engaged, and though my frame shudders as the ideas rise of possible affrays, I will not — how can I, dear Lorenzo, doubt your protecting arm; — nor will I fear, that in the rightful cause of our native country, you will yourself be without the aid of that powerful Arm, which is sufficient for the protection of us all."

"Dear generous girl," exclaimed the lover in transport, "the assurances of an angel *must* warm the heart to action; our freedom cannot be far off, when even our maidens are eager to promote it. But you have some recent cause of additional hatred against these wretches — speak, — I know it from the tone of your remarks, — what has their insolence dared to perpetrate?"

"Not much — not much — Lorenzo — and they will get their reward from all patriotic hands. But you are hasty; — well, then, — two evenings ago, as Paolo and Jacomo were returning with stores from the city,

they were met by a party of French soldiers, who told them to deliver what they had in charge; upon which the servants replied, that the stores were for my father, and that they could not in justice ask them. They replied that the soldiers of king Charles must be served before — before a grey-bearded old rebel, notwithstanding he had" —

"The villains — the marauding villains" —

"Be patient, dearest Lorenzo, or I cannot relate all. They took the things, and desired our poor fellows to tell Signor Vincentio, and his — and me — that they would presently see the state of our larder."

"I will see the state of their lives, — the blood-hounds," exclaimed the youth, flushed with rage. "But," continued he, checking himself, "this is no time for such feelings. — Come, dearest Laura, all this but enforces more strongly the necessity of binding you to my bosom without delay. Prepare, love, for it is time for us to set out, on this holy, this blessed errand."

He kissed her hand ere she timidly withdrew, and retired to make preparations for the procession to the great church, there to give and to receive vows, which were to constitute him the happiest and most enviable of mankind.

* * * * *

It was a glorious sight. Twelve beautiful boys, in splendid fancy dresses, each with a censer in his hand, headed the procession; the air was filled with the odors emitted from their vessels, and every eye was delighted with the animated countenances of the children themselves. Twelve lovely girls followed next, each with a basket filled with the rarest and the sweetest flowers that even Sicily could produce; — a band of minstrels came behind them, some playing on instruments, whilst others sang an Epithalamium upon the occasion. After these, advanced the young friends of the happy pair, by two and two, all magnificently attired, but the gentlemen entirely unarmed, save by that weapon which rarely is absent from its master's bosom, — his stiletto. The lovely Laura followed these, leaning upon the arm of her father; and as the venerable man proudly supported the most beautiful and virtuous of Sicilian maidens, he ever and anon turned up an eye of gratitude to heaven, that he had lived to see her blessed with one so deserving. Some members of the family of Torano were next behind them, and then came the bridegroom, in all the pride of early manhood, and elate with the consciousness of love triumphant. Of matchless form, which was now farther set off by all that splendor and elegance of dress could add, to give greater honor to the occasion. He also was attended by various members of his family; and the rear was brought up by the attending of the principals and guests, all magnificently prepared for the festive occasion.

A scene like this could not pass unnoticed. Thousands flocked around, though at respectful distance, and accompanied the procession as it passed at a stately pace, through the principal streets of Palermo. Benedictions on all sides, and in all forms, were invoked on the heads of the youthful pair; but by none more vehemently, nor with greater perseverance, than by one of the *Lazzaroni*, a tall gaunt looking old man, who stooped much, had hollow eyes, — or rather eye, — for one seemed to have finished its duties, as appeared by a bandage which was tied tight over it; his tatters shook in the breeze, and his limp was painfully difficult, though he made

shift to keep up with the bridegroom, calling blessings on his head, and trusting that he would yet be found the friend of his injured country.

Lorenzo fancied he knew the old man's voice, but could not recollect where; he therefore applied himself to a close scrutiny of his countenance. Presently their eyes met in direct encounter; the lover having viewed him steadily, turned away his head, and from thenceforth appeared satisfied, as he took no more notice of the beggar, who nevertheless continued his pious vociferations with a most thundering and astounding voice.

But the citizens were not the only spectators of the interesting scene. The French soldiers issued forth in parties; and wherever they came, they unscrupulously pushed aside the affrighted people, who, though burning to wreak their vengeance on the intruders, durst not yet break out for fear of evil consequences. As the soldiers gradually increased in numbers, so did they also in license and insolence; some of the officers were also attracted by the magnificence of the spectacle; and in the arrogance of success, and the thought of the humiliated state of the country, began to take liberties, even with the members of the procession,— to such a degree, that the countenances of the gentlemen shewed strong symptoms of impatience, notwithstanding the private resolutions made among themselves, to abstain most rigidly from every expression of anger or animosity, on a day dedicated to so peaceful an occasion as that which had now called them together.

Several of the officers had come forth out of wine houses, and other places of social resort; they were in an inebriated state, and this but added to the brutality of their deportment. Some of them began to pass around the fair Laura, and began to address her with more than warrantable freedom. The blood of the old father began to warm with indignation, but careful to suppress every thing that might lead to disturbance, he merely expostulated.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let me pray you to keep back your people, that they interrupt not a solemn and sacramental duty; — this lady — nay, gentlemen — back if you please — I say — gentlemen — this is my daughter, and I pray you" —

"Ah! The signor's daughter — Bouvilliers, the signor's daughter! Worthy signor, — I reverence — your daughter. Ah! to see now — she is to be married, — well, signor, I should like to have married your daughter myself. Alack, for the loss! I will take a last salute, and straightway bury myself in" —

"In thy cloak, on thy pallet," cried his companion, "go to, — thou shalt not disturb the maiden; — see thou hast chased the roses from her cheeks."

"I will restore them, — behold my art, Father," said the ruffian, "I will be thy daughter's leech, — fair maid, I can restore thy charms; I am the" —

He seized her arm, whilst the surrounding friends were restrained by her father, who felt assured that the licentious soldier durst not outrage good manners beyond palliation. But he was mistaken. The villain urged by intoxication and insolence, proceeded to further violence. He was about to salute her, when she gave a piercing shriek. It was not lost on Lorenzo, who instantly sprang forward. What a sight met his view, — the beloved of his heart struggling under the loathsome embraces of a detested French

soldier. With the most frantic violence he felled the villain to the earth. In an instant the cry was up, among the soldiers, that their officer had been abused; the wretch himself was rising from the ground, and with menacing look threatened annihilation to the offender. Lorenzo was hard pressed, but he had a thousand reasons for abstaining from violence this day, and he contented himself by defending his person against assailants who appeared to out-number himself and friends. But the French officer becoming worse from the perception of the passive state of the opposite party, vowed nothing less than the immolation of Lorenzo, who, on his side, burned to revenge this deed. The wretch who had committed the brutal assault was advancing upon him, when he felt his elbow touched, and turning his head half round, he heard the simple word "*kill*" uttered in a deep voice, which reached him only. He did not hesitate, — he drew his poniard, and as the soldier brandished his sword over him, plunged it with *certain* aim into his heart. The wretch fell dead at his feet, and in the same instant was heard the cry resounded from all sides, "*Revenge, — insult and spoliation, — death to the French.*"

The whole city was up in arms, — as one man they moved, and at every step a foe was laid prostrate. The voice that uttered the important word in the ear of Lorenzo was that of the Beggar. In an instant he flew through the crowd, crying, "death and destruction to the French." — His sight was recovered, he rejected his crutch, he threw away his rags — it was John de Procida. "*Insult and spoliation,*" repeated he, "down with the blood-suckers." The effect was magical. Lorenzo knew the voice; he recognized his friend; he placed his Laura, together with her father, under careful guardianship, and followed up the glorious career. Whenever a Frenchman appeared he was cut down; the hatred, the deep and deadly hatred, which the followers of Charles of Anjou had by their unbridled acts brought down upon themselves, was now in dreadful judgment against them. They were unprepared, — the Sicilians were ripe for such a scene, and indeed expecting it.

Lorenzo d'Albano beyond others felt that the blood of the foreigners could not satisfy him; he had been wounded in the tenderest point, the beloved of his heart had been openly insulted by the oppressors of his country, and he knew not how to dye deep enough the sanguinary color of his poniard. Disdaining all meaner prey, he stalked forth, dealing death and destruction over the commanders of the French. On that eve every heart of Sicilian blood was remorseless, — every hand was unrelenting. The smoke of the gore of dying wretches ascended upwards, as the bells on all sides rang for *vespers* on that dreadful day, presenting a spectacle as of an expiatory sacrifice to offended heaven, — the city was entirely cleared of the locusts which had infested and drained it, and that awful deed restored to prostrated Sicily her independence and her peace.

The mob is like the wild beast of the forest, which gradually *lashes* itself to fury. By degrees they had got so exasperated that they destroyed all who were even suspected of being French; and to clear themselves from error, they made such of the suspected wretches as they laid hold of, repeat two words, the due pronouncement of which would save them, whilst failure was certain death.

With the rapidity of wild-fire the intelligence spread through the other

cities and villages of Sicily ; Procida was every where, and staid not his hand till he saw the renovation of his country.

* * * * *

Palermo saw another day of grand procession, when Lorenzo d'Albano, and Laura di Torano, pronounced the nuptial vow, and gave to Sicily a family of faithful subjects, brave and valiant warriors, patriotic counsellors, lovely and excellent females ;—of them it might be said, as has been said elsewhere, that

“ All the men were brave, and
All the women virtuous.”

J. P.

THE GOLDEN GANYMEDE.

A Scene on Mount Olympus.

It had been a very hazy day on earth, with a cold north-wester, though it was in the month of July, and, to say the truth, it was very little better in heaven. Jupiter and Juno had been at sixes and sevens all the morning, but that was too common an occurrence to produce much disturbance. But to-day every thing appeared to go wrong. Hebe had stumbled over one of Vulcan's new-fangled tripods, as she was pouring out the Thunderer's champagne the night before at supper, and showed her knee — a mighty pretty knee it was too — and there had been no peace in Olympus since. Nobody seemed to know exactly what was the matter, but all the gods and goddesses were out of sorts together. The eagle had been sent out in the morning, — Juno said Jupiter was at some of his old tricks, or that rascally bird wouldn't have got the job, — and he hadn't got back yet, though dinner had been over these two hours ; and old Momus, the only one of the lot, that never lost his spirits, was out of the way. It was terribly dry work. Juno sat in a great golden arm-chair, with her large eyes absolutely red with tears, and her bosom throbbing as if it would burst the cestus, — she had borrowed it of Venus to come over the father of gods and men, but it was all for nothing, — and her little foot beating the devil's tatoo on her footstool ; — but it was all lost upon Jove, for his brow was as black as if all his thunders were there, and his ambrosial locks were quite out of curl. Venus herself was melancholy, less perhaps on account of things in general, than because Mars had given her a savage look, when she stuck a pin into his arm, just to make him take an interest in what was going on ; and as to Apollo, on whom she had tried to hook a little sentimental flirtation, he was walking up and down the jasper-paved hall, every now and then striking a false note on his lyre, and then cursing it for being out of tune, — with a scornful curl upon his lip, — and if ever he made an observation at all, it was sure to be the some bitter taunt at the immortals. For Apollo had been a traveller, and, though there was not much fun really in keeping sheep for Admetus, whenever he got into one of his vagaries — and that was pretty often too — he would throw it into the teeth of the gods how

much happier the poor despised mortals were than they in their chrystal palaces! — “For, if it comes to the worst” — he would say — “they can at least get rid of their miseries! — They can find repose in the quiet of the grave — but we! — we are immortal!” — Night came on, and this did not mend the case — it was pitch dark, though the moon was at the full!

“Mercury” — roared the Thunderer, — “What the Cocytus is the meaning of all this? Where’s Diana to-night?”

“Have done with your folly — Venus — do!” bellowed Mars, as the laughter-loving queen pinched him again, for she knew what Diana was after — but he couldn’t stand the look she gave him, it was so irresistibly tender in its languid tearfulness, so he stole his arm round her waist, while all the rest were looking at Mercury, who was rather in a stew, and they were better friends than ever again. “How could you be so cross to me, Mars dear?” — whispered she.

“I believe she’s gone to Latmos, Jove,” — said Mercury, who, for the first time in his life couldn’t make up a lie.

“Gone to the devil,” — replied the testy king.

“No, Sire, to Endymion — they say he’s more like Apollo, than your brother!” said Minerva, who hated her, — “She’s no better than she should be, that Diana!”

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a long-drawn sigh, strangely terminating in a sort of chirrup. Every one turned round, and though she tried to look innocent, Venus blushed. “You’re none of you half so good as you should be” — answered Jove, waxing more and more indignant, — “Hebe — my very cup-bearer — must show her knee to all the Demi-gods, that supped with me yesterday, just from vanity at its whiteness; and to-day the moon must go to meet her spark on Latmos, and Venus kiss her’s before all our faces on Olympus. The next god or goddess that commits such a breach of propriety, shall go to earth for a hundred years, I swear by the S——”

“Oh! — nonsense — Jove,” — cried all the deities at once, and the sound of their voices pealed, like the roar of an avalanche, to the remotest wilds of Scythia.

“Let him alone!” — said Juno, — “he’ll suffer for it himself — as soon as any one; but he need not hope that I’ll kiss him on earth to shirk his vows, as I’ve been fool enough to do before! — But he’ll have some of his Europas, or Alcmenas before long I’ll warrant him. That infamous bird is after some of them now, I suppose.”

“D——n the bird — and you too!” — answered he in a passion, and flounced out of the room on his way to Dodona, for he smelt the fat of a score or two of oxen, that they were roasting there in hopes of getting an answer to some oracular question or other. It was not long before Juno started for Argos to dress for supper, and then Venus and Mars stepped out to take a ramble in the myrtle groves at Cythera; and Heaven was left empty, till the Hours came to make it look a little decent for the company — then the Muses came in, and began tuning their instruments, but they could not get them to rights at all; and Vulcan’s circum-ambulating tripods had run down, and they couldn’t get them wound up again; for old Mulciber had got so mad at that unlucky kiss, that he went off to Ætna — not to be back for a week or two. It was terrible work; — and when supper came,

it did 'nt tell one whit better than the rest. Every body missed poor little Hebe's laughing face! — She was a general favorite, and so pretty — and then the absurdity of the thing! If Jove had never seen a knee before, why there might have been some sort of an excuse, for turning her out of office. "If it had been in the old days of Saturn, when modesty had not become utterly ungenteel, we could have understood such pranks! but now, my dear Venus, it is too absurd!" — said Juno, — "The truth was, the poor little thing knew Hercules was looking at her at the time — she's to be married to him you know — and surely that's enough." "Oh! you may rely on it — Juno" — whispered the fair Idalian — "Jove has made arrangements to instal some of his mortal beauties in her place! We shall have some beautiful, wo-begone, thing with her hair out of curl, and the waist of her frock up to her shoulders — all simper, and bashfulness — before night, I warrant you." Venus wore very long waists, and couldn't endure bashful creatures.

"If he does, I'll go to Eubœa again — and we'll see if he gets me back as quickly as he did before! I won't endure such treatment!"

While she was yet speaking, the heavy flapping of wings was heard without the hall, and in a moment the eagle flew into the room, enveloped in a veil of silvery mist; there was no fierceness in his eye, the feathers of his lordly neck slept peacefully; the very lightnings, which flashed from his talons, were of a lovely violet flame, that played lambently in the perfumed atmosphere. "It is too bad — I — I — will not — bear it," — sobbed the heart broken Juno. But the faithful messenger floated silently to the throne of Jove, the vapory shroud melted away from the presence of the monarch — and there stood revealed in more than mortal beauty — no soft enchantress — no mortal mistress — but a boy! — a brilliant boy, dressed in a hunter's cassock, with the golden ringlets floating from beneath his Phrygian cap, and the jewelled quiver glittering on his shoulder. There was a general murmur of applause! the jealousy of Juno was appeased, the goddesses wondered at his beauty, and Venus gazed so earnestly upon the charms of the young Trojan, that Mars had a relapse. Some of the gods too grumbled a little; they preferred, they said, a pretty nymph to all the boys from Ida to the pillars of Hercules; but when have males a chance against the sex. Besides he had not poured a second round of nectar, before Bacchus swore he frothed it, as well as he could have done himself. Just then, too, the moonshine streamed brilliantly athwart the sapphire vault of heaven, the spheres rang out with their celestial harmony, and Jupiter himself smiled with majestical serenity, as amidst the harpings of the Muses, and the symphony of the stars, the assembled deities drank to the Golden Ganymede!

H. W. H.

From Catullus, LXVIII.

MY mistress vowed, me only she would wed!
 Me only love! — Though Jove should seek her bed.
 The vows, which girls to credulous lovers swear,
 Write on the fleeting stream, or in the viewless air.

TO OUR READERS.

Hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear; believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

Julius Cæsar, Act 3, Sc. 2.

IT will not probably be considered impertinent or misplaced, in bringing our labors to their first annual conclusion, if we should offer a few remarks, concerning the mode in which those labors have been performed up to the present date. Nay more, it is perhaps expected, that a periodical, which, on its first introduction to the world, professed its intention of becoming a candidate for public favor, by the performance of certain specified conditions, — should, at the expiration of its term, place itself, as it were, before the bar of popular opinion, to meet all accusations, which may be brought against it; to render an account of all its ways; and, above all, to show cause why it should not be consigned to utter oblivion. Start not at this announcement on our part, whoever thou mayest be, that hast thus far borne with us! — We are not about to blazon forth our merits if such we have, with arrogant presumption, — to proclaim our own sentiments, concerning our own articles, — or to boast of the number and talents of those, who have contributed to our pages! — For, according to our honest judgment, these are but causes for toleration, not claims to gratitude! — As well might our tailor pretend to have deserved our grateful thanks, because the coat which he has fashioned, may chance to sit without a wrinkle, — or the boy who brushes it, when fashioned, expect to be remembered in our testament, because no speck of dust betray his carelessness, — as the editor of a periodical, because his work has not been discovered mischievous or foolish. Our present article, therefore, is of a defensive, rather than of a laudatory character. As long as our pages shall meet with patronage, as long as our writings shall be read, so long are we the debtors to the public, and so long shall we endeavor to prove our sincerity, by adapting ourselves, as far as in us lies, to the wishes of our friends; — and in order that we may do so, with the more success, it ever has been our practice to turn our attention willingly to any criticisms, which may appear to be dictated by a spirit of fair and candid inquiry. That most of those, which hitherto have met our eye, have partaken of this character, we thankfully acknowledge; nor is it a small source of gratification to us, — unconnected as we were, at our *debut*, with any members of the press, and therefore unable to attribute their favorable notices to any private feelings of friendship, — that their strictures on our youthful periodical have been of so mild and even favorable a nature. In a few instances, we have encountered our share of reprehension, — we have in some degree, although not in this city, had our enemies, — and it is with even greater pleasure, that we have noticed the accession, to the number of our friends, of some, who at our first appearance, were hostile to our interests.

It was, however, with feelings of a very different nature that we perused, some short time since, a charge against our Magazine, which partakes in nothing of a literary character, and, if uncontradicted, would inevitably be most injurious — deservedly injurious to our future prospects. It, therefore, becomes necessary, although totally at variance with our usual practice, to stand forth immediately; and to refute, what we conceive to be an unfair and calumnious attack. In the prospectus, which was issued shortly before the publication of our first number, we distinctly pledged ourselves, that the American Monthly Magazine, as a periodical of a purely literary character, should never lend its pages to anything approaching to political or polemical discussion; and we believe that we have religiously redeemed our pledge. What then was our astonishment, at finding ourselves charged with having uttered a violent attack on the spirit and doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church?—Now, if there be one species of illiberality in existence, which we consider more contemptible, more utterly unworthy of a rational being, than all others — it is religious intolerance! And we here indignantly repel the charge, that we have ever, in letter or in spirit, cast the slightest stigma on that or any other Christian denomination. Moreover, we not only deny, but shall proceed to disprove, the charge. So great was our wonder at the accusation, and so unconscious were we of having given the slightest cause for such an imputation, that we carefully perused our latter numbers to find the offensive article, and having done so, though we discovered nothing to justify the idea, we conclude that the paper thus alluded to, must be a tale entitled — “The Eve of St. Bartholomew” — the conclusion of which we offer to our readers in the present number. The subject is of course familiar, and is one, we grant it, from which an illiberal spirit might have endeavored to deduce arguments to the prejudice of the Catholic church. It is, however, our opinion, — and such it will be found to be by reference to the article in question, — that the wrongs of that tremendous day were attributable not to the spirit of the Catholic religion, but to the *spirit of the times*, and to the influence of a woman more worthy to be called a demon. We do not imagine that any member of any Christian church pretends to justify today the bloodshed of that massacre — if there be any who do so justify it, and who consider it a mark of intolerance in us to proclaim our abhorrence of the deed, — not having attributed that deed to any religious feeling — we should glory in being deemed intolerant by such. But, as we disbelieve the possible existence of such a person in the nineteenth century, we doubt not that we have said enough to disprove this bold assertion.

Before we pass on to topics of a more agreeable nature, we would simply state that every *fact*, alluded to in the above-mentioned tale, is drawn from the history of *Cardinal Mezeray*, — excepting the implication of Bothwelhaugh in the affair, which is given on the authority of *De Thou*. If, therefore, the Catholic religion be attacked, it is by a Catholic dignitary of the Church, and not by the editors of a periodical, who — be their private sentiments on that most important subject what they may — *as editors*, are not professors of any religious tenets, nor partizans of any political faction.

From the warmth with which we have taken up this subject, we would not have it imagined for a moment, that we are parting from the

public, at the termination of our first era, in a state of rancorous excitement, or of morbid sensibility. On the contrary, we are in a mood of heartfelt satisfaction, both with ourselves, and others. We rejoice that we have attained to that period, which, like the second night to a new play, must, in a great measure, decide the question, of "To be or not to be," with regard to a periodical publication. If at the expiration of its first twelve months, a disposition should evince itself among its former patrons, to withdraw their fostering support, it must be understood, that the work itself is to blame; that, after a candid trial, it has not been found equal to the expectations which, at its commencement, it held forth; in short that is not what it ought to be, and would do better, *not to be at all!* If, on the other hand, an increase is more apparent at that eventful crisis, than it has been at an earlier stage; it is fair to conclude, that the work has found sufficient favor in the eyes of the public to counterbalance the defects, which must exist in all, however good, and to induce them to persevere in their encouragement. Such, we are happy to say, has been our case;—beginning with few contributors, and with no previously secured subscribers, we have continued gradually to increase in both respects, till we find ourselves possessing enough of the latter, to stimulate us to renewed exertions; and of the former, to make us confident, that those who have not hitherto been dissatisfied with our exertions, will be less liable hereafter to meet with aught that may provoke their spleen. And now we bid adieu to all,—indulgent reader,—favorable critic,—stern reviewer,—to all alike, we tender the right hand of fellowship!—To all in their degree, we offer our acknowledgements!—For patronage—for friendly aid—for advice, not perhaps the less kind that it is somewhat harsh,—we thank you all; and, parting from you thus in amity, we trust that when we meet again, at the opening of our second year, we may be thought to merit somewhat more of solid patronage,—somewhat more of laudatory notice,—and somewhat less—though as we have said before, we have little score for complaint at present,—of admonition or reproof.

January 31, 1834.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to apologise for an apparent deviation from our plan in the number of the present month, as the usual quantity of *brevier* matter has been, of necessity, curtailed. Within the last four weeks not only no books, worthy to be noticed have appeared except those which we have hereafter noticed, but there is no annunciation of works in press, no list of new publications—no matter whereon to found literary notices,—no science—no fine arts—and almost no drama. We therefore trust that the public will pardon us for not adhering to a plan which could in this case only have resulted, if adopted, in expansion and drivelling. That times will look up, we sincerely hope, and that by the appearance of our next number, we may have a long list of new publications, new pictures, and new plays, whereon to exercise our critical acumen.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS. Although it be some time since we have noticed the successive numbers of this beautiful work, our silence has proceeded from want of room, and not of inclination. We have looked on it always with respect, and often with admiration. The present number contains three engravings, all of an unusually high order; two by Durand and one by Danforth. Those of Gilbert Stuart and Isaac Shelby by the former, are such as no other engraver in this, and very few in the old countries, could hope to produce; and are immeasurably superior to that by Danforth, although a clever engraving, and from a picture so far superior to the others that the general effect is better. Oh! how we pity an artist, who is compelled to sit down and toil at a copy from an original scarcely fitted for the sign of a tavern; conscious, that however delicate *his* lights, however broad *his* shadows, the want of ease, keeping, and effect in the picture, must prevent his own labors from success. We are led to these remarks by contemplating the portrait of Shelby, which is precisely such a thing as with a crown and sceptre might be George the Third, or with a cocked hat and buff waistcoat, personate General Washington, on the top of a ten foot tavern pole. Without any light save a stiff, straight, white waistcoat in a right line with the face, or any shadow except the color of the coat, how possibly can an engraver be expected to make any thing of such a daub; and yet to a practised eye, the print is beautiful, inasmuch as, entirely neglecting the *tout ensemble*, it looks only to the workmanship, and the faults of the whole are entirely lost in admiration of the exquisite cutting of Durand's *burin*. It is, however, we fear a hopeless case; portraits must be got, and if good ones cannot be obtained, why then, bad ones are better than none at all. But we would suggest that the head might be copied, and a new body and back ground worked up by some artist

who should at least know the difference between distinction of shadows, and distinction of colors.

EUPHEMIO OF MESSINA, A TRAGEDY — FROM THE ITALIAN OF SILVIO PELLICO. This little pamphlet is the last production of a pen, which, we are proud to say, has repeatedly contributed to the pages of our periodical. It is not, however, on this account, that we hasten to declare the high opinion which we entertain of its merits, both as an easy and accurate translation, and as a poem replete with correct and harmonious versification; nor do we, in the least degree, permit our private feelings to overcome our judgment, when we state our belief that no author of this, or any other day, has been more generally successful in transfusing the force and spirit of the Italian dramatists, into a language so dissimilar as English, than the translator of Euphémio. There prevails, in general, a very erroneous sentiment with regard to the merit and value of translations; persons are too apt to consider all the faults, as delinquencies of the translator, all the beauties as the triumphs of the author; — nay, more, they will too often throw aside some poem, to whose extraordinary merit they cannot shut their eyes, with an exclamation, that after all, it is *only a translation*! So far are we from agreeing with these, that we have strong doubts whether it do not require a higher order of genius, to execute an accurate, spirited, and harmonious translation of a foreign tongue into the English language, than to sit down unfettered by any restraint, either upon the fancy, or upon the mode of expression, and to produce a beautiful original. Certain we are of one fact, that if not a higher, it is at least a rarer species of talent. In order, however, to constitute such a translation as may rank with an original, we expect that the foreign language, whatever it may be, shall be translated almost word for word, and line for line; that it shall preserve the

whole strength and spirit of the original, and at the same time possess all those merits, which are esteemed necessary to establish a claim to admiration in that tongue, to which it has been converted. In the first place, it must strike us as a beautiful and masterly production in our own idiom; and, on comparison with the text, it must be discovered to possess fresh merit as a literal version. In a translation, no harmony of verse, no elegance of diction, no force of expression, can atone for the slightest deviation from the original; — nor is this all; for without these adjuncts of harmony, elegance, and force, the most literal adherence to the ideas of the author, will not prevent the wearied reader from exclaiming — this may be beautiful Italian, but it is most wretched English. This, however, is an accusation that never can be brought against the translator of *Euphemio*, for while the lover of sweet verse, and “English undefiled,” will be delighted by its more apparent merits; the student of Italian will discover in every line an evidence of thorough acquaintance with the language, and of the facility with which the thoughts of *Pellico* have been transmuted into our ruder, but not less forcible phraseology. We could have wished, however, that the translator had selected a play affording more scope to powers, which are proved even in this to be of no secondary rank. For, strongly as we may be inclined to look on *Silvio Pellico* himself, with eyes of favor, in consideration of his struggles and sufferings in behalf of liberty, and of his country, miserably degraded as she is, beneath the iron yoke of the world’s most iron despotism, — we cannot extend our partiality to his *Euphemio*, which, in our estimation, labors under the worst faults imputed by its enemies to the Italian school, — want of nature, feeling, character. In truth, except harmony of sound, and smoothness of composition, we are at a loss to discover the merits of the original. With a subject which might have introduced a hundred various aspects of those “vultures of the mind” — love, hate, ambition, madness, — the author has been content with declamation instead of passion, with gorgeous oratory instead of truth and nature. We would not, however, be understood to include the English *Euphemio* in the censure, which we may not impartially withhold from its Italian prototype; on the contrary, we strongly recommend it to all lovers of the muse, that they may witness how much has here been done, and with how little means. It adds much to our pleasure in perusing this translation, that we can anticipate

ere long, a genuine English Tragedy from the same pen, — unfettered in its natural vigor, by the restraints imposed by a less powerful genius, — which we have reason to hope will ere long be a competitor for public admiration, assisted by the noble performance of the Kembles, upon the boards of the Park.

PETER SIMPLE. VOL. III. BY THE AUTHOR OF *NEWTON FOSTER*, is a conclusion of the series of the papers published under this title, in the pages of the *London Metropolitan*, — but infinitely inferior, not only to *Tom Cringle’s graphic Log*, but to the earlier numbers of itself. It is impossible that any account of naval adventure should be utterly devoid of entertainment; but in these volumes, the hair-breadth scapes are so multiplied beyond all possibility, that it is impossible to read ten consecutive pages, without feeling that we can no longer lend that credulity to the narrative, which it is the duty of every fictitious writer to maintain, rather than to outrage. There is, however, considerable humor, some good description, and plenty of variety; but we exclaim as before,

— *Credat Judus apella,*

Non ego! —

THE PERILS OF PEARL STREET, including a taste of the Dangers of Wall Street. — By a late Merchant, “a fellow who hath had losses.” 12 mo. (pp 232). New York. Betts and Anstice. 1834. This is a little squib, with but little pretension to style, but contains, nevertheless, a few warnings, for which, the public may be all the better. In the time of *Dean Swift*, and indeed frequently since, an objection prevailed that his “admonition to servants,” was productive of as much evil as good; for that whilst he exposed the duplicity and trick, to which that class of society in Europe were notoriously too prone, and thereby put the community on their guard against the exercise of them, it also taught the uninitiated the same sort of tricks, and thus perpetuated the diseases which it pretended to cure. In like manner, it may be here objected, that whilst this little book exposes the chicanery, the dishonesty, and the paltry means to which so many resort, either to enrich themselves, or to defraud their creditors, it also teaches others to run in the same career. We do not subscribe to such a doctrine; on the contrary, we think that an abuse exposed, is an abuse ruined; and that so far from being an encouragement to dishonesty, the first emotion raised by such a book, will be the conviction that the public eyes will

be opened, and that mankind will be guarded against the impostures and dirty schemes which are here displayed.

The hero of the piece is supposed to be raised in the interior of New York State, and to be seized with a strong desire to become a merchant in the great emporium of the western world. His account of his early inquiry for a situation is interesting, and, we believe, truly drawn; and the failure of his retail dry-goods employer, who does an immense business in—giving patches to begging ladies, is amusing. Were it not for the fear that such a habit when contracted, is inveterate, we might hope that several of our acquaintance might take a salutary hint, from this point.—The description of a boarding house is really graphic, and may answer for many a one in this city. We have also a full, and perhaps too true an account of the *drumming* system, the *shinning* system, and *kite-flying* system; all to support either an inferior stock, or a bad credit.

The anxious desire, and the imprudent haste to leave the condition of clerk, and become a Pearl Street merchant, is well depicted; and the machinery of *Peter Funk* with his innumerable aliases and Proteus shapes is given with good effect. It is nevertheless melancholy to imagine, that a merchant must fail three or four times in business, before he can gain the requisite experience, — or in other words, before he can have learnt how to be sufficiently keen and over-reaching towards those with whom he has dealings.

There are two or three anecdotes of dishonesty, of a most flagrant nature, which we remember to have heard of in real life, that deserve the publicity given to them here; but there are also allusions to individuals in a manner which we think hardly consistent with liberal feelings. They form a drawback from the merit of this little *jen de commerce*, especially as a very sufficient interest could have been given to the nature of the scenes described, without the aid of particular features.

The cupidity of the hero, when he is in capital sufficient to do business upon a large scale, is a fair hit at human nature, which is rarely satisfied with mediocrity of good fortune; — but here we have again been let down by the author, whose glances at Wall Street are very slight indeed. — Upon the whole, however, it is an agreeable little thing, though its literary character is but of a meagre description. It will live its day, which is probably all that the author either expects or wishes for, and its short career will

also be, in all likelihood, a bright one, as regards pecuniary returns.

When it shall die — peace to its ashes.

MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL NEY. Published by his Family. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. — We have received this work so recently, that it is only in our power to mention it by name; and to promise that if the Memoirs of "The bravest of the brave" — the finest General of the finest army which the world has ever produced — whose death is a blot upon the otherwise stainless shield of Wellington — even as the execution of Caraccioli has been to that of Nelson — should be in any degree equal to the subject, we will present our readers with a detailed review. *En passant*, however, we must remark, that the dirty blotting paper on which it is printed, detracts extremely from its value, in so much that whatever may be its literary merits, we should be ashamed to give it a place on the shelves of our library. Mr. Dearborn of our city has lately proved to the public that works can be got up in American presses, which can compete not only in accuracy but in elegance with English editions; and we have learnt with pleasure that the public by their patronage have proved to him that they are willing to reward his efforts, and that they prefer a handsome book, to something scarcely equal in execution to a two penny tract. Why will not other publishers allow us to use their editions, not merely as things to be read once, and then torn up for candle-lights, but as valued friends to be set in the high place of our bookshelf, dusted, and consulted, and exhibited to the admiration of all who look upon them.

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AURUNGZEBE. — A Tale of Alraschid. 2 vols. 12 mo. pp. 365. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1834. This is a Mogul Tale, in which the manners, customs, dwellings, scenery, and dispositions, of the inhabitants of Upper India, are well displayed, many of the scenes described with spirit, and the incidents containing a stirring interest. The author is evidently acquainted with the ground on which he travels, and has viewed the Hindoo nations in war, peace, and policy. He has contrived also to weave in a tolerable fable, but the opening is complex and confused almost beyond the power of clarifying. He shifts the scene so rapidly, and introduces fresh persons of the drama so frequently, that the mind becomes fatigued in endeavoring to open the plot. He gets better, however as he advances, and upon the whole has produced a clever book.

THE ORATIONS OF CICERO, together with the OFFICES, and the CATO and LEBIUS. 3 vols. 18mo. (pp. 896). New York. Harper and Brothers. 1831. --- These volumes form Nos. VIII, IX, and X, of the *Classical Family Library*. To enter upon a discussion of the merits of such a publication, would be worse than superfluous, their fame having gone forth to the very ends of the earth, and to approach them being the highest aim of every public speaker or philosopher. --- They are here presented in a compact form, and neatly executed. The Orationes are translated by Dr. Duncan, well known as the best translator of the Commentaries of Cæsar; the Offices are by Dr. Cockman, whose office of Master of University College, Oxford, is no mean passport for their acceptance; and the treatises on Old Age and Friendship, are by the elegant translator of Pliny. --- These are all high recommendations of the articles; but there is an additional one, viz: an excellent though brief biography of the distinguished orator himself. It occupies nearly seventy pages of the first volume, and is apparently founded on that most masterly work on the same subject, by Bishop Middleton. The public owe thanks to these industrious caterers for the public, for the selection made upon the present occasion. They have been an unusually long time retired from observation, but this makes large amends.

A SKETCH OF BOLIVAR IN HIS CAMP. 18mo (pp. 88). New York. Goodrich and Wiley. 1834. This is an interesting little thing, which professes not much, but the little that is related, is with a good grace, and the incidents related are to the purpose. It hastily sketches the puffed up dignity of a Spanish governor, --- the mode of accommodation in travelling, --- a slight painting of scenery, --- and an excellent description of the writer's interviews with the *Liberator*. He details at some length, various opinions uttered by that distinguished man, many of which are judicious, --- some shew an intensity of thinking and feeling that mark an uncommon man, and some are curious from the speculations they involve. We give one concerning our own States, but do not hold ourselves responsible for all the sentiments contained in it. The writer says, "I was unacquainted with the constitution of Colombia, and, in the course of the morning, asked the *Liberator* if it were similar to that of the United States. 'Your government,' said he, 'cannot last. The Executive has not power enough;--- the States have too much. Dissension and disunion will

be the ultimate consequence;---it is much to be regretted. With a stronger government, your country would be the most powerful in the world, in fifty years. Your commerce must be extensive;--- your countrymen are brave and enterprising; you have fine harbors, and abundance of timber and iron, and the time must come when you will drive England from the ocean. All Europe, imbibing the principles of America, and witnessing the effect of liberty in the prosperity of the people, will become free; and the civilized world, in less than a hundred years, will be governed by philosophy;--- there will no longer be kings. --- The people will find out their power, and the advantages of liberty!" --- We commend this little account to the attention of the curious.

MANLY PIETY IN ITS PRINCIPLES. By Robert Philip. 12mo. (pp. 216) New York. John Wiley. The object of this little work is to reconcile the principles of practical religion with the ideas generally conceived of manliness, and to shew that they are so far from being incompatible with each other, --- that the latter receives in reality fresh accessions of dignity from being in due accordance with the former. The writer readily agrees that man has earthly duties to perform, and earthly pleasures to enjoy in moderation, as well as those of a spiritual nature, and only insists that the one shall not take an *undue* preponderance in the mind, over the other. The work is deeply imbued with love of God, and love to man, in regard to his best interests. In one respect, it is perhaps a little fantastical;--- the play on the word *manly* is extended through all possible changes, and is sometimes a little strained, to keep up the term; but the author is in earnest, and goes through his task with great ability. There is also somewhat of controversy in it, in that chapter which treats of "manly views of religious mystery," which is levelled at the doctrines of the Unitarians. It appears on the whole, however, to be dictated by a truly pious spirit, and recommends itself strongly to all whose inclinations follow so excellent a bent.

PIN MONEY. A novel, --- By the authoress of "The Manners of the Day," --- "Mother and Daughters," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. (pp. 408). Philadelphia. Cary & Hart. 1834. A mere fashionable novel, founded on the circumstance of a wife being more extravagant than she otherwise would be, on account of being allowed *Pin Money*. She also causes a sentiment of jealousy in her hus-

band's bosom, which, of course, is explained and rectified, and the parties become happy. There are two or three under-plots, if so they can be termed, but which are destitute of any strong point. Every part of the design seems to be to obtain a vehicle for chit-chat, *fashionable conversation*, so mis-called. It is flippant, on the whole, though here and there is a good thing.

THEATRICALS. — PARK THEATRE. — Mrs. Wood took her benefit on Thursday, the 23d ult. at this theatre, upon which occasion were selected Braham's opera of "the Devil's Bridge," together with the old and once favorite farce of "the Quaker." We cannot help expressing some surprise at the selection, for the benefit of a celebrated singer, of a piece in which she has in reality so little to perform that, in order to eke out sufficient interest, songs must be introduced for her; — and of what nature? "Home, sweet home," a sweet melody it is true, but very monotonous and dreadfully hacknied; — "Should he upbraid" a song by Bishop, in which he has shamefully committed plagiarism upon *his own* composition of "Bid me discourse;" and the scene of "Fortune's frown" the only thing of the three that was worthy of her voice. It would be unnecessary to enlarge upon the manner in which she went through these pieces, they were all that the most perfect vocal instrument could make them.

If, however, the piece was chosen for the purpose chiefly of exhibiting Mr. Wood's powers nothing could be more injudicious. The opera of "the Devil's Bridge" was written by Braham with express reference to his own powers and quality of voice. That voice in his best days was a *mezzo tenore* of great richness and volume, and latterly has dropped into the *baritone*, but never at any period did it approach to the quality of Mr. Wood's voice, which has a tendency to the *treble*. There is also a quietness and sweetness in the style of these songs, very different from the expression given to them, by Mr. W., and which, to those who have heard both, produce feelings of disappointment from the performance of the latter gentleman. There is, however, a grace and pathos in the singing of Mr. Wood sufficient to atone for the drawbacks we have mentioned, and it is impossible to listen to him without being satisfied that he takes a good stand among the vocal artists of his day.

With respect to this individual performance, we have nevertheless some

other objections to urge. Possibly from cold in some measure, though the fault is not altogether to be ascribed to that reason, — Mr. Wood sings very flat, in all but the first piece, and in truth the Duett with Mrs. Wood was downright discord on his part. Upon this point we could not avoid remarking, as in the case of Mrs. Austin, that whenever he felt called upon to use energy, he always came to the pitch.

"Tis but fancy's sketch" was remarkably well sung, notwithstanding some very third-rate fiddling on the part of the leader, who certainly murdered a graceful accompaniment, by putting in so many meretricious — *graces* we suppose they are to be called. There really needs a great reform in that part of the business of the theatre; the leader *can* play, but it would be desirable to hear him play more chastely.

We are about to throw out a hint, which may possibly be despised in the quarter where we would have it strike, — with respect to the opinions of any other we are indifferent. Has Mrs. Wood ever considered that the habit of singing such songs on the stage as "Black-ey'd Susan" and others of the same calibre, have a tendency to spoil the delicacy and expression of that voice, which has been and still is one of the most splendid at present in the world? True the performance of these songs is captivating, and audiences will applaud when they are captivated, and will be clamorous for *encores* without regard to the physical energies of the singer. It is well known also that the most vociferous in such cases are the vulgar, and that the songs about which they are the loudest in applause, are either those which have cost the singer the greatest exertion, or those of a coarser and more noisy quality than persons of good taste prefer. The intoxication of applause, added to the familiarity which gradually perverts the taste, in the too frequent repetition of common place pieces, have a tendency to ruin the singer in the higher walks of the profession. — It spoiled Braham himself latterly; it is hurting Mrs. Wood's voice, as was perceptible in her falsetto on the descending tones, and though her taste perhaps can never become utterly degenerate, it will take off that exquisite polish which now makes its principal charm.

When some one can take up the mantle of *Incedon*, then let "Black-ey'd Susan" be sung, but let our sweet *cantatrice* be content to administer to the *graces* of her art, and leave its *boisterous* tones to men.

